

AUG 6 1956
SPECIAL 35th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

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Screenland

PLUS

TV-LAND

AUG 23 1956
SIDNEY SKOLSKY:

The Hollywood Cavalcade
Glamour 1921-1956

TODAY'S MODERNS:

Marilyn Monroe, Rock Hudson,
Talisa Pavan, Audie Murphy



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY TO COME

OUT OF THE WAR...

TWO OF TODAY'S

MOST BRILLIANT

STARS IN A

DRAMA THAT

PROBES DEEP

IN THE HEART OF A

WOMAN IN LOVE!



Paramount presents

WILLIAM
HOLDEN

as Colin Black... whose heart
was the color of his name

DEBORAH
KERR

as Lee Ashley... destroyer
of one man, almost
destroyed by another

The producer-director-star team
that gave you "Country Girl" and
"The Bridges at Toko-Ri" surpasses
its previous triumphs!

in A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

The Proud and Profane

co-starring THELMA RITTER • DEWEY MARTIN with WILLIAM REDFIELD

Produced by William Perlberg • Written for the Screen and Directed by George Seaton

Based on a Novel by Lucy Herndon Crockett



VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY



"I'd give anything to belong..."

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls . . . just as nicely dressed, too . . . and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

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no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath* (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

**No tooth paste kills germs
like this . . . instantly**

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method

—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

**Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

Don't get **STUCK**



Get **SOLO**
Rubber-Tipped
BOB PINS



"Extra Smooth—Extra Strong"



10¢ AND 25¢ PER CARD

Get SOLO'S petal-smooth pins . . . and you'll never get stuck again. Rubber-Tipped—no sharp ends to cut, catch or scratch. So smooth and easy to open, SOLO completely protects teeth and nails. Get a card today . . . pin-curl your hair tonight. You'll find it doesn't hurt to be beautiful!



SMOOTHER TIPS
STRONGER GRIP

At Notion Counters Everywhere

Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Nine, Number Eight

September, 1956

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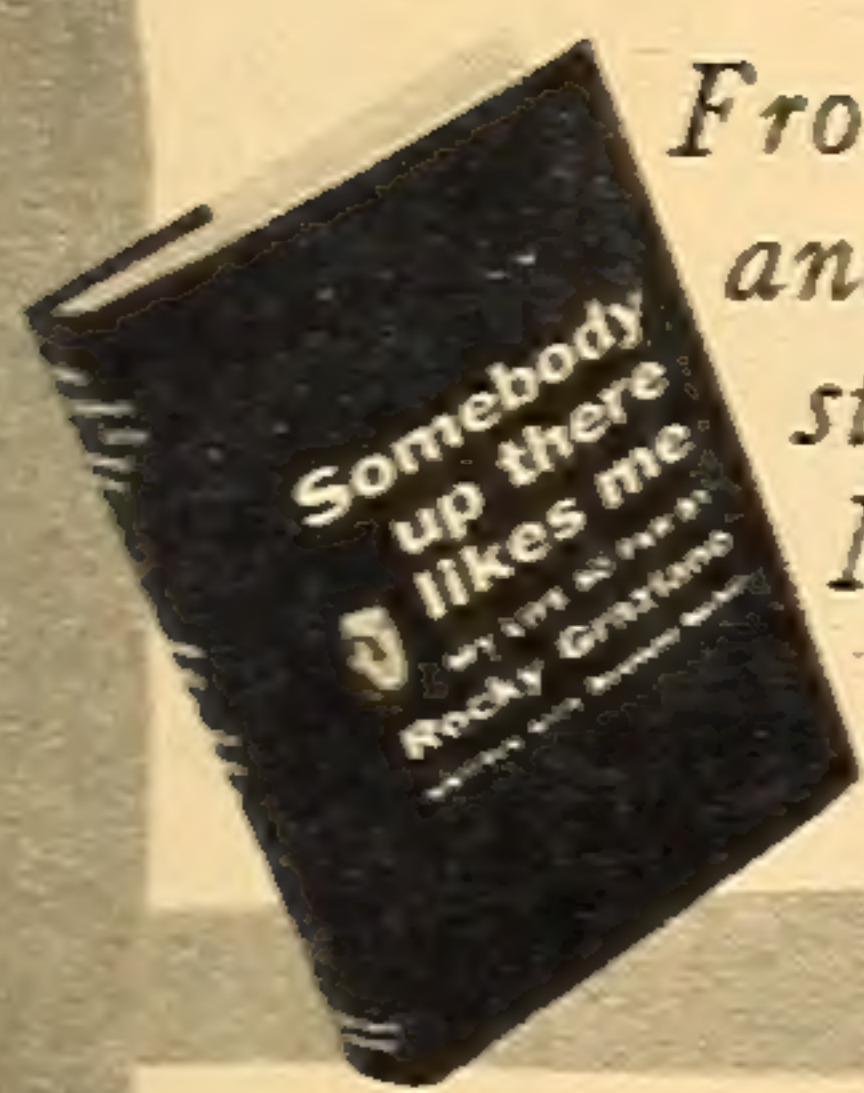
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

m-g-m
presents
a most
important
motion
picture



somebody ^{up} there likes me



*From the best-seller
and life-inspired
story in Look
Magazine that
thrilled millions*



STARRING

Paul Newman

with **Everett Sloane**

Screen Play by **Ernest Lehman**

Directed by **Robert Wise**

Pier Angeli

Eileen Heckart · Sal Mineo

Based on the Autobiography of Rocky Graziano

Written with Rowland Barber

Produced by **Charles Schnee**

An M-G-M Picture



Everything is twice as

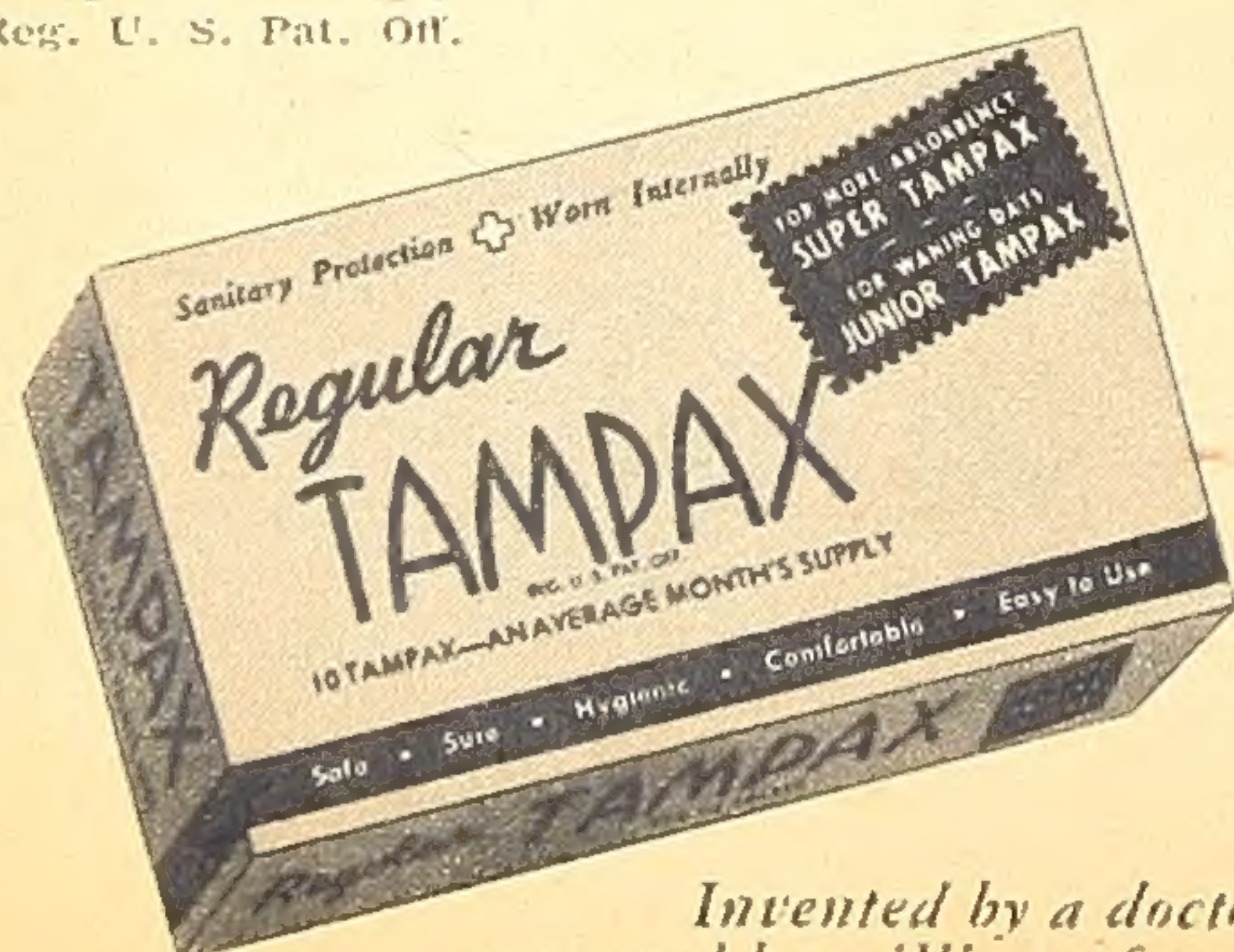
TIRING IN HOT WEATHER

Why add to your problems at "problem times"? Why put up with hot, "chafey," uncomfortable external pads, when Tampax* is as available as your corner drug or notion store? By getting rid of unnecessary bulk (belts, pins and pads) internally-worn Tampax makes you feel far cooler—even, in many instances, less tired. For discomfort is downright tiring—and *nothing* could be more comfortable than Tampax.

Tampax is far more fastidious, too, than "the other way." The wearer's hands needn't ever touch the Tampax. It prevents odor from forming. It's easy to dispose of, applicator and all. No wonder millions of women prefer this modern sanitary protection; *nothing* could be more convenient!

If you plan an active summer, comfortable Tampax is an absolute necessity! It's the only kind of protection that lets you go swimming—any time of the month. It never "shows" beneath the most abbreviated clothes. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



HELLO again, and here I am once more to report on the topsy-turvy town of Hollywood, where a plunging neckline can do more for a girl than a four-year dramatic course, and talent is often assayed by a tape measure.

Janet Leigh has finally bowed to the judgment of her better half, better known as Tony Curtis, and she will give up her screen career in favor of bigger and better babies. These two attractive people have never been happier than they are now. Janet has never been in better health. Tony's career is zooming right to the top, and she's content now to rest on his laurels. . . . Donald O'Connor and Gloria Noble keep pushing their wedding date back farther and farther. Many people thought they'd make it a double wedding when Donald's friend, Sid Miller, said his "I do's" in Las Vegas not long ago. But though Don denies the romance is less torrid than it was, as of this writing he still refuses to name the date. . . . MGM will do a complete switch

on their campaign to sell Grace Kelly in "High Society." There'll be no mention of the fact she's a "princess" and instead they'll try to show a new and sexy Grace in torchy embraces with Frank Sinatra. Some tepid response to the princess bit in "The Swan" ads is the reason why.

It cost Piper Laurie \$25,000 a picture to get out of her exclusive contract at U-I. She agreed to make one a year for three years for them, at half what they were paying her, if she could have her freedom. And in passing, Piper's romance with Gene Nelson is all over. . . . Tab Hunter is tired of his Westwood residence "because there's no stable for my horse," and he's now scouting a home in Northridge where he'll be able to keep his four-footed friend with him. Tab has really come into the big time. He didn't like the original script of his new picture, "The Girl He Left Behind," and so the studio re-wrote it for him. They only do that for those they consider big stars.

Margaret O'Brien lost her steady beau,

continued on page 8



MOTHER-TO-BE Shirley MacLaine does a bit of stepping out with hubby Steve Parker.



BACK from her triumph at the Cannes Film Festival, Susan Hayward's awaiting next role.

This is
GREGORY PECK

as the fiery
man-without-a-woman

This is the
motion picture
so crowded
with exciting
achievements
that it is
impossible to
list them all!
Gregory Peck's
mighty
portrayal
is certainly
one of them.

Co-starred
with him are

**RICHARD
BASEHART**

as the young,
romantic
rover and

LEO GENN

as the
vengeful
Starbuck

In a year of
so many
wonderful
screen
advances
the mightiest
leap forward
of all is
WARNER BROS.
presentation
of the

**JOHN
HUSTON**

production of
Herman Melville's

MOBY DICK

AND **ORSON
WELLES**
as Father Mapple

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

SCREEN PLAY BY
RAY BRADBURY AND JOHN HUSTON

A MOULIN PICTURE • DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Don Robinson, to the Air Force. . . . Bob Hope said it: "When a girl says she won't marry 'til the right man comes along, you can bet if some guy asks her he automatically becomes the right man." . . . Storm signals are up again in the Jack Webb household. . . . Gloria De Haven called off her engagement to Miami auto dealer, Dick Flincher, because she wanted to continue to ride on her career and he wanted her to park at home. . . . Leslie Caron, never very happy in Hollywood, may not return here after she completes her current European stage stint in "Gigi."

Robert Wagner agreed to do "The Day The Century Ended" with Terry Moore only if his studio—20th Century-Fox—would give him the starring role in the re-make of "Jesse James." They agreed. Bob paid out \$750 of his own money to record the title tune of his picture, "A Kiss Before Dying," then didn't like his voice and refused to have it released. . . . Speaking of money, which is a nice round subject, Jerry Lewis paid \$700,000 to Uncle Sam in income tax for last year, and expects to pay a million this year, but told me, "I'm glad I'm able to do it." . . . Overheard one night at the Mocambo. "I can forgive all of his faults except one—he breathes."

Bing Crosby sighed a big sigh of relief when his oldest son, Gary, was inducted into the Army. It's been no secret he was worried about the boy, and he told an intimate: "The Army will teach him the discipline I never could. He just doesn't listen to me." Bing continues to scoff at retirement rumors that plague him. "Retire? That's for old folks. And I don't think anyone under 80 is old. Just so long as people are willing to watch me on the screen—or listen to my records—I'll keep right on acting and singing." . . . Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess abso-



HER "Notre Dame de Paris" co-star, Jean Danet, pays a visit to "Gypsy" Lollobrigida.

lutely won't allow their baby to be photographed for publicity. And Ursula is such a devoted wife and mother that she turned down three film offers—one from Clark Gable—because she refused to work during the summer when her children are home on vacation.

Bobby Curtis, Tony's 14-year-old brother, is changing his last name to Reed for the movies. He doesn't want it to be said he is riding to fame on his big brother's tail. . . . Jane Powell told a noted hypnotist that she wanted to lose some weight, but couldn't resist eating ice cream and candy. He put her to sleep and while she was under the hypnotic spell he told her that when she awoke she wouldn't be able to eat either of these things. He brought her out of the spell and since then Janie hasn't had a bite of candy or ice cream. James—my hypnotist! . . . Groucho Marx asked a friend who was going to Russia: "You going as a spy?"

Eddie and Debbie Fisher are in the housing soup. They've been notified to vacate the house they have been renting by December. The baby is due in Octo-



HELD by mother Jane Powell, cute Lindsey Averill makes camera bow. Dad's Pat Nerney.

ber. And they'd like to be settled in another home by that time. Picture commitments don't leave them much time for looking. As soon as they're sure that Eddie's TV show can be done from Hollywood, they'll settle the whole thing by buying a house. . . . Elaine Stewart is fretting to get free from MGM. She's still boiling mad about the treatment she received from the studio. They sent her to South America on a two-weeks personal appearance tour, then kept her there for six months, she says—and haven't given her a picture to do since she returned. . . . And Vera Miles gets fighting mad if you describe her as a second Grace Kelly. . . . June Haver and Fred MacMurray plan to adopt some family additions—a girl for her, a boy for him. . . . As soon as the divorce mess is over, Jeanne Crain will get away from it all by making some pictures in Europe. I suggested Jeanne to producer Jimmy Wolf for "The Whole Truth" with Stewart Granger and he thought it a good idea and signed her.

Nothing but luck for Fess Parker late-

continued on page 66



BOB WAGNER, who hasn't been stepping out lately, escorts Rita Moreno to premiere.



ACCOMPANIED by her handsome teen-age son Kent, Rhonda Fleming attends an opening.



ARRIVING at party, Charlton Heston gayly greets friends. His wife Lydia is with him.

The BIGGEST DEAL Since EVE Sold ADAM!

It will be
your maddest whirl with a bachelor girl ...
in those roaring days when the gals wore stays
... (to keep their morals up!)



Ginger
ROGERS
Barry **NELSON**
Carol **CHANNING**

"The First
**TRAVELING
SALESLADY**"

PRINT BY
TECHNICOLOR

PLEASE DON'T TELL
WHAT GINGER
SELLS!



co-starring

David BRIAN James ARNESS

Written by DEVERY FREEMAN and STEPHEN LONGSTREET

Produced and Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN



The most talked-about movies are coming from the NEW RKO

**"My marriage is
happier now than
when I was a bride!"**



**says Mrs. C. L. Kellogg who now
uses ZONITE to douche!**

SAFE! Many married women as well as brides-to-be, wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Such a woman was Mrs. Kellogg who, years after her days as a bride, later learned about the importance of following the proper *method* of douching, with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet *safe* solution—like ZONITE.

EFFECTIVE! No other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is *so powerfully effective* yet *so safe* to body tissues as ZONITE.

HEALTHFUL! ZONITE completely deodorizes, promptly washes away germs and odor-causing waste substances. A nurse once advised Mrs. Kellogg that if any abnormal condition exists, she should see her doctor. She said he would probably recommend that she *continue* to use ZONITE.

DAINTY! You, too, can be one of the modern women who welcome the "peace of mind" and daintiness that ZONITE gives them after monthly periods and other times. You can use ZONITE as directed, as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. Costs only pennies per douche.

use



ZONITE

so safe yet
so effective!

Chi-Ches-Ters

turn
"problem" days
into
party days.



No need to miss good times because of functional menstrual distress—when you can get such wonderful *quick and lasting relief* from pain, cramps, nervous tension and headache with Chi-Ches-Ters. There's nothing like them—in doctors' tests 9 out of 10 women got wonderful relief beyond expectations. Try this fast-acting prescription-like formula. Your money back if not satisfied. Purse Pak 50¢. Economy Sizes \$1.15 and \$2.25. At your drug store, or we will fill direct orders.

FREE—Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. 9-J, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

High Society

THERE'S an almost irresistible fascination about Grace Kelly and a wedding. This one treats the lovely Grace in the style to which she's accustomed. The lavish trimmings are a Newport mansion, the comforting display of wealth, a ruse of an uncle, Louis Calhern, and, as an added fillip, an ex-husband, Bing Crosby. On the eve of Grace's marriage to John Lund, sensation magazine reporter Frank Sinatra and photographer Celeste Holm discover that Newport and its social register citizens are not nearly as formidable as the new rich element represented by Lund. This revelation comes at the pre-nuptial festivities for Grace and Lund. Grace becomes genteelly crooked. The frigid reserve and fetish for perfection which broke up her marriage to Crosby get unglued during a midnight caper with Sinatra in the family pool. By the time Sinatra gets around to explaining the facts behind their champagne orgie and his wristwatch in her bedroom, he has rescued Grace from a mate worse than death. Hilarious, sophisticated comedy that shows up Grace's talents under a Technicolor magnifying glass. (MGM.)



CUTE Lydia Reed doesn't try to hide her feelings for Bing Crosby in "High Society."

Trapeze

AERIALIST Burt Lancaster, whose career ended when he missed his catcher's hands by a fraction of an inch, is trying to brush glory once again through protege Tony Curtis. Seeing the boys are on the verge of fame, Gina Lollobrigida, with an hour-glass figure that always ran fast, wants to get into the act. She sidles up to Lancaster and breathes something about you-can-teach-me-so-much. Lancaster toys with the idea a while, then sends her packing her DeLuxe colored spangled flimsies. His act is a double. Who is Gina to bust up his friendship with Curtis by turning the act into a triple? Furious, Gina tries another angle. She takes a deep breath and points her artillery in the direction of Curtis. A direct hit is scored, and a new member is added to Lancaster's trapeze act. Grasping at straws, and a few other things, Lancaster figures the only way to show Gina up as a fickle opportunist is to woo her himself. Naturally, he's only human and pretense turns into the real thing. He falls for Gina—and without a net to catch him. When Curtis finds out, this just about wrecks any future plans for all



FICKLE Gina Lollobrigida slyly swings from Tony Curtis to Burt Lancaster in "Trapeze."



BOB HOPE and Eva Marie Saint whoop it up for big laughs in "That Certain Feeling."

three. Luckily, circus performers are an agile crew so the rough spots aren't too difficult to pass. Much circus atmosphere and bulging anatomy. (United Artists.)

That Certain Feeling

EVER since he had been launched on the business world, cartoonist Bob Hope would get butterflies in his stomach at the first harsh word from his boss and in would go his resignation. Since employers have a habit of speaking their minds, Hope is in a semi-permanent state of unemployment, a condition not exactly compatible with matrimonial harmony. So, when wife Eva Marie Saint leaves Hope, he starts painting baby turtles to pay for a psychiatrist. Nothing the good doctor tells Hope can stop the whoopsing. Then, a miracle! Hope is taunted into going to work for Eva's romantic boss, George Sanders, one of the country's top cartoonists. The torch that Hope still carries for Eva starts a cheerful little blaze capable of toasting do-gooder Georgie and all his sticky pretensions. Involved in this hilarious triangle is a provocative assortment of tidbits: a small orphan boy; Pearl Bailey; a night spent stranded in a 44th floor penthouse; and a take-off on "Person-to-Person." Clever Technicolor whimsy based on the long-run Broadway hit, "King Of Hearts." (Paramount.)

The Proud And Profane

EQUIPPED with such fancy accessories as a swagger stick and moustache, Marine Corps officer William Holden takes over Red Cross worker Deborah Kerr in a breeze. Come to pretty things up for the boys in the South Pacific during World War II, widow Deborah is overly concerned with details of her husband's death in battle. Flicking his swagger stick across his lean flanks, Holden

continued on page 72

Treat your eyes to

Color

new...

stick

eye shadow

by

Maybelline

in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades \$1

*Sapphire Blue ★ Amber Brown ★ Emerald Green ★ Blue Pearl Grey ★ Turquoise
Beautiful Gold-Tone Swivel Case*

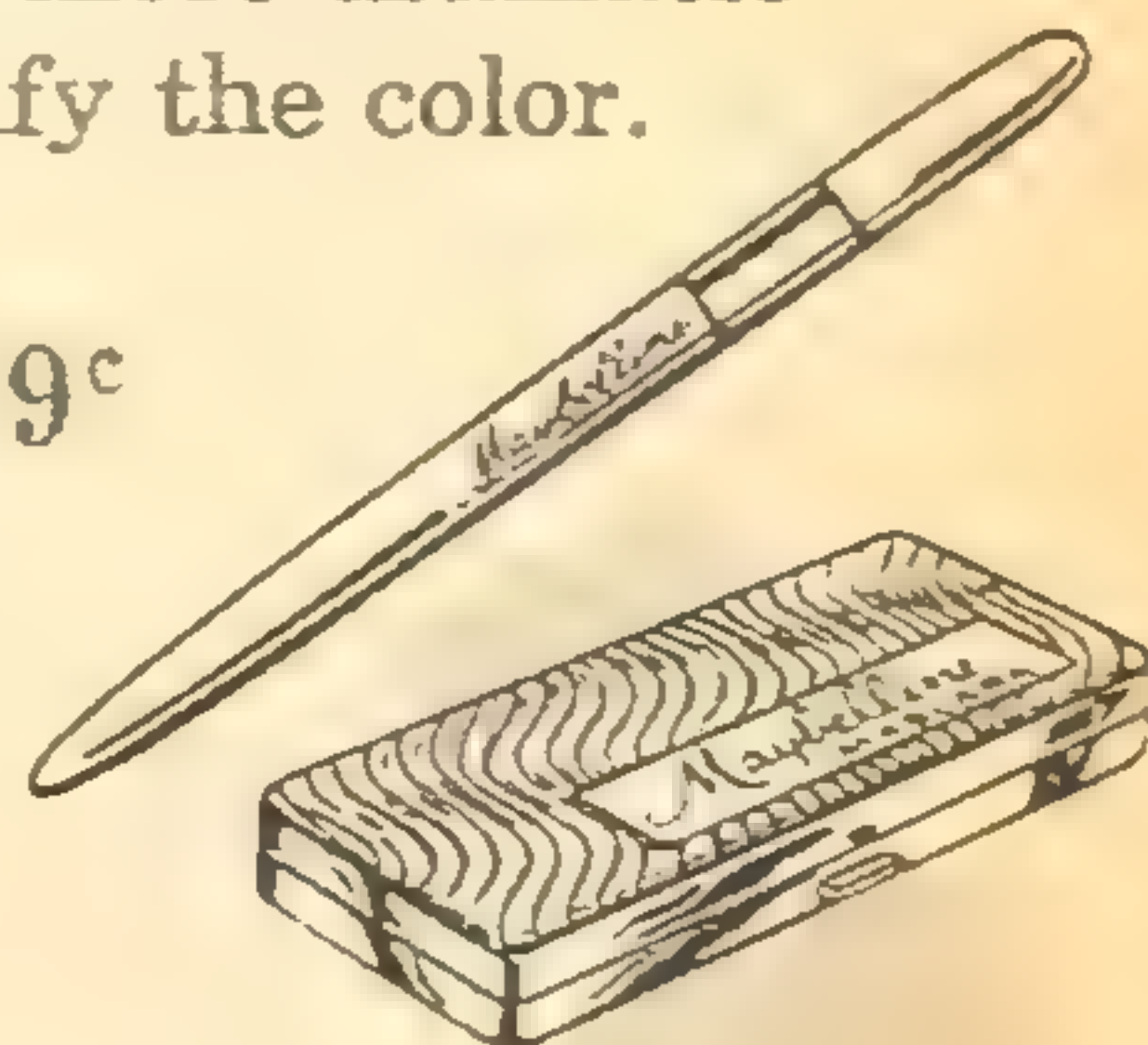
Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil

Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can't fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades: Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Dove Grey or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.

39¢ for two long-lasting refills

79¢



Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara

The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone vanity case . . . or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.

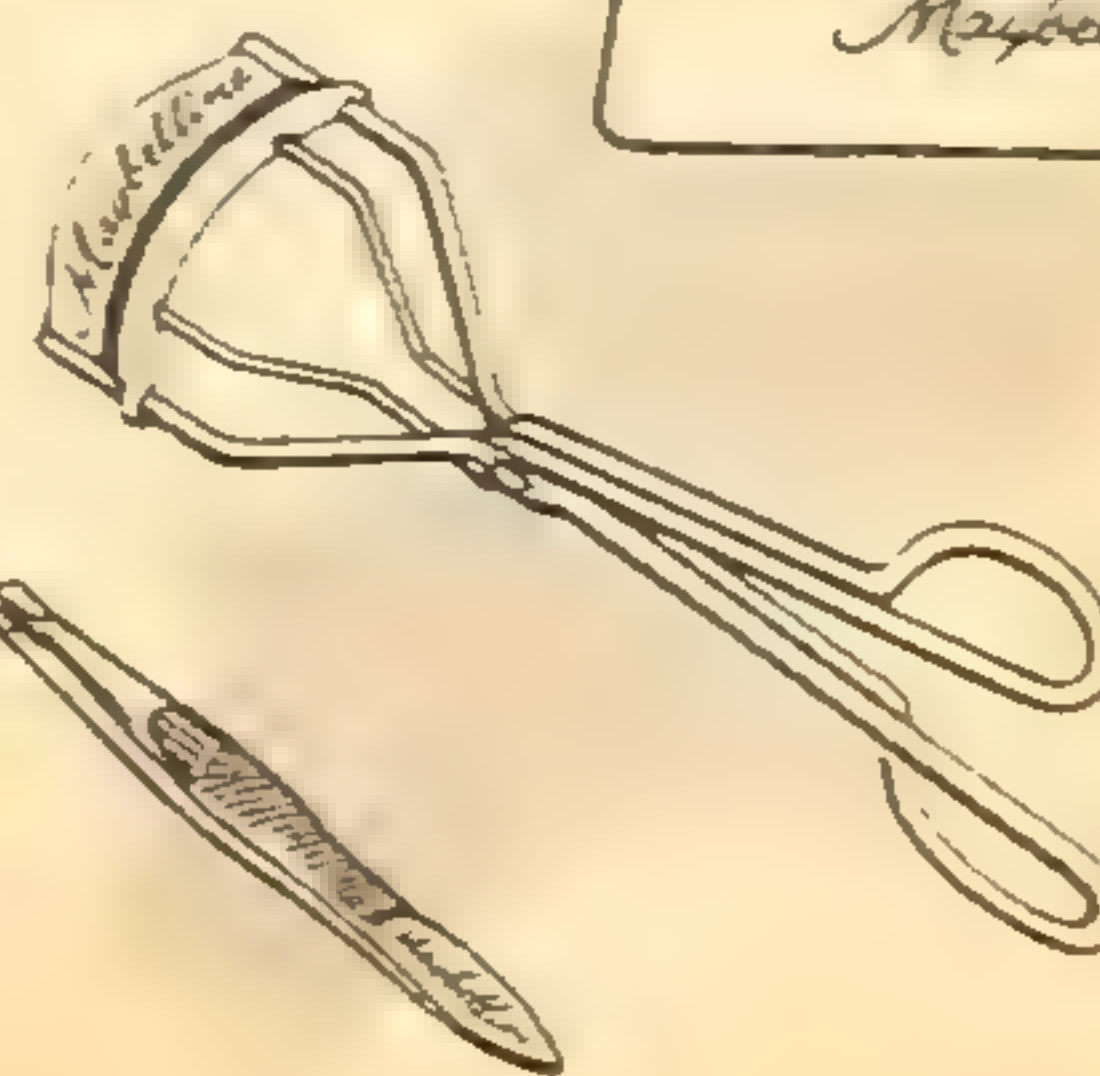
\$1.25



Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler

Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It's the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10¢.

\$1.00



Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29¢

Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the "grip that can't slip." Straight or slant-edge.

Choice of smart women the world over

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

REAL ROMANCE—It was a quiet civil ceremony, without the usual Glamour Town treatment, when Don Murray and Hope Lange said their "I Do's." But their love story is the type so dear to Hollywood's heart. Don has been courting Hope for five years, since she was 16 and he only a few years older. He has been on the New York stage, she in TV there. Then Josh Logan, who's directing "Bus Stop," personally selected Don for the male lead opposite Marilyn Monroe, and Don was also signed to a long-term contract at 20th Century-Fox. Next, Hope was signed by the same studio and her first role is in—you guessed it—"Bus Stop." And so they were married! When the picture is finished, they'll go back to New York for a religious ceremony. These are two nice kids, and both so talented! You can depend on it that Don will rate as a big heart-throb after this, his first film, is released.

SERIOUS?—Another cute young couple, who seem to have found romance through working together—as often happens here—are Anthony Perkins and

Elaine Aiken, both teamed with Jack Palance in "The Lonely Man." They, too, are film newcomers but Paramount, where they're under contract, plans big futures for them. When they went on location up in the high Sierras, all the cast and crew took cameras to catch the beauty of that rugged locale. Elaine's was just a box Brownie, and when she saw the expensive jobs the other people had, she hid hers! But Tony noticed, remembered, and as soon as they returned to "civilization" he bought her a super-super Rolleiflex. She says she's afraid to use it because it's so complicated, so Tony's teaching her shutter technique. In return, she's teaching him to drive. He didn't want to learn, he has no car, but she's insisting! She's even teaching him in her car, so it must be love!

SENTIMENTAL GENT—Chuck Heston, one of those three "Violent People," has been married to his adored Lydia 12 years, but he hasn't forgotten that the little sentimental things keep the love-light glowing in a gal's eyes! Lydia and son Fray visited Chuck while he was on



LOVELY Martha Hyer and Freddie Karger are table companions at a benefit dinner.



FEELING all right again, producer Walter Wanger takes wife Joan Bennett out dancing.



HAPPY newlyweds Anthony Steel and Anita Ekberg would also like to be teamed up for a film.

location 40 miles out of Phoenix, and Lydia's birthday occurred during that visit. So Chuck had a big surprise luncheon for her out on the location, complete with a huge cake sent from the city. It was a big smash! And that night he took Lydia on a romantic, candle-lit dinner date, complete with dancing, at one of the big Phoenix hotels!

REAL RANCHERS—Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons aren't the ones to do things half-way. So just after they filed for citizenship papers, they decided they'd be real "yippee-ay-aye Yankees" and went out and bought themselves the biggest god-durned ranch! It covers 103 square miles—that's 65,920 acres, pardner!—near Silver City, New Mexico. What's more, they're going to live there. They're building a house, and will commute to Hollywood for pictures. They're selling their home here and will "homestead" in hotels when they do come here for picture work. They plan to raise cat-

continued on page 70

20th Century-Fox

BRINGS YOU

YOUR RICHEST ENTERTAINMENT EXPERIENCE!



5 YEARS ON BROADWAY

— and now the fabulous
stage success becomes
even more wonderful
in the amazing
eye-and-ear
magic of
CinemaScope 55!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S

The King and I

IN THE COMPLETE GRANDEUR OF

CINEMASCOPE[®] 55

MORE THAN YOUR EYES HAVE EVER SEEN!

COLOR by DE LUXE

"THE KING AND I" in CINEMA-
SCOPE 55 brings you • New life-
like realism • Greater depth and
scope • Over-all clarity of focus
• Increased sense of audience
participation • No matter
where you sit in the theatre
you are assured of the
ultimate in viewing
pleasure.

STARRING
DEBORAH KERR + YUL BRYNNER with **RITA MORENO** • Martin Benson • Rex Thompson • Terry Saunders

Produced by **CHARLES BRACKETT** • Directed by **WALTER LANG** • Screenplay by **ERNEST LEHMAN** • Music by **RICHARD RODGERS** and **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II** • Book and Lyrics by **JEROME ROBBINS** • Choreography by **JEROME ROBBINS**

From their musical play based on "Anna And The King Of Siam" by Margaret Landon

THE STARS GREET Screenland

July, 1956

Dear Readers:

With this very special, gold-covered issue, SCREENLAND reaches an impressive milestone in its career: as of now, SCREENLAND is 35 years old.

It was born in the era of Valentino, Swanson and Fairbanks; it grew up in the era of Harlow, Gable and Lombard; it's come of age in the time of Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe and Rock Hudson.

Meaning that, for 35 years, Screenland has brought you all that's been most exciting and glamorous about Hollywood.

Hope you'll stick with us for another 35.

Sincerely,

Ira Peck
Ira Peck
Editor

Dear Mr. Pines --

May I extend to you my sincere good wishes for the 35th birthday of Screenland Magazine.

You are to be commended for the fine job you and your magazine have done in the past and I am sure it will continue in the future.

Good luck.

Sincerely,

Kim Novak

Mr. Ned Pines, Publisher,
Screenland Magazine
10 East 40th Street,
New York 16, N. Y.

WESTERN
TELEGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

W. P. MARSHALL, President

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

HA170 PD=WUX TDL UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF 24 1210PMP=
NED PINES SCREENLAND MAGAZINE=1
10 EAST 40 ST=

HERE'S TO A GOOD START ON THE SECOND THIRTY FIVE; ALL
THE BEST=
AUDIE MURPHY=

CLASS OF SERVICE
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WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, President

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

LB527

L LLL392 NL PD=WUX TDL HOLLYWOOD CALIF 8:
=NED PINES,PUBLISHER SCREENLAND=
10 EAST 40 ST NYK:
=MY WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS TO SCREENLAND ON ITS 35TH
ANNIVERSARY=
=BING CROSBY=.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, President

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

LA533

L LLL389 NL PD=WUX TDL HOLLYWOOD CALIF 8=
NED PINES,PUBLISHER SCREENLAND=
10 EAST 40 ST NYK=
CHIN UP BOYS. THIRTY-FIVE ISN'T SO OLD
LOOK AT CROSBY-- IF YOU'RE STILL PUBLISHING
WHEN YOU'RE AS OLD AS HE IS SCREENLAND WILL BE THE
FIRST FAN MAG ON MARS=
BOB HOPE=.

Congratulations

H8300 JG NL PD

WUX TDL WEST LOS ANGELES CALIF APR 19 1956
NED L PINES PINES PUBLICATIONS
10 EAST 40 ST NYK
MY CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND ALL MY THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING SCREENLAND HAS DONE. REGARDS
MARILYN MONROE

404A APR 20

ON OUR 35TH ANNIVERSARY

761-55

Congratulations

NL PD
WUX TDL WESTLOSANGELES CALIF APR 19 1956
NED PINES PUBLICATIONS
10 EAST 40 ST NYK
AND YOU AND SCREENLAND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VERY KIND
AND IM DELIGHTED TO JOIN ALL HOLLYWOOD IN WISHING
FORTY FIVE MORE WONDERFUL YEARS
SUSAN HAYWARD
410A

Screenland Magazine
10 East 40th Street
New York 16, N.Y.

Dear Screenland:

So you are 35 years old! Well, you
don't look it; I must say you hold your
age well.

Seriously, I have always enjoyed
Screenland, both being in it and reading it.
I hope to be doing both for a long time to
come.

Sincerely,

Debbie Reynolds

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
W. P. MARSHALL, President
1201

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International
Letter Telegram

This is a fast message unless its delivery character is indicated by the proper symbol.

KFV PD
HOLLYWOOD CALIF APRIL 30
NED PINES PUBLICATIONS 10 E 40TH ST NEWYORK.=
WED: SUE AND I JOIN IN EXTENDING OUR
CONGRATULATIONS AND WARMEST GOOD WISHES ON THIS,
SCREENLAND'S IMPORTANT 35TH MILESTONE. SINCERELY =
ALAN LADD

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
W. P. MARSHALL, President
1201

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its delivery character is indicated by the proper symbol.

The time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

Congratulations (39)

NA171 CGN PD=WUX TDL UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF 24 1210PM=
NED PINES SCREENLAND MAGAZINE=
10 EAST 40 ST=
CONGRATULATIONS ON SCREENLAND'S THIRTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.
PHYLLIS JOINS ME IN SENDING OUR BEST:
=ROCK HUDSON=

119N KFV PD
HOLLYWOOD CALIF MAY 1

MR NED PINES
PINES PUBLICATIONS 10 E 40TH ST NY
DEAR MR PINES: BEST WISHES TO ALL OF YOU ON SCREENLAND.
ON YOUR 35TH ANNIVERSARY. WISH I COULD BE THERE TO HELP
YOU CELEBRATE. SINCERELY,
TAD HUNTER

BY WESTERN UNION



"LOVE," ANYONE? John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, the greatest screen lovers of the 1920's, sizzled in this version of "Anna Karenina."

By **SIDNEY SKOLSKY**

35 Years of Hollywood Glamour

On "Screenland's" 35th anniversary, we offer you a fascinating glimpse backward into the fabulous Hollywood of yesteryear

HOLLYWOOD is a magic name. It means the movies—and glamour—to the world. The first motion picture ever made in Hollywood was called with fine simplicity "The Heart Of A Race Track Tout." Filmed one afternoon in 1908 at the old Santa Anita track, it offered mute testimony to the fact that horse racing got to California before the movies.

It didn't take long, however, before the giants of the silent screen era began to appear: Francis X. Bushman, Theda Bara, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Garbo and Gilbert, to mention only a few.

Then came the big switch—from silents to talkies—which brought about the Golden Era of the movies, even switching the familiar proverb to Talk Is Golden.

There were new styles, new stars, new techniques in the movies. They resulted in the great period of great movies. It was then it could be truthfully said—Movies Are Better Than Ever. There was the best gangster picture: "Public Enemy" with James Cagney, in which Cagney changed the style of movie heroes by pushing a grapefruit

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GLORIOUS Gloria Swanson wore this rig in "Her Gilded Cage," a 1922 opus.



EARLY "Screenland" covers feature Greta Garbo, Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. "Battle" between Garbo and Anna Sten never developed.

"Talkies" brought with them new stars who electrified the screen with their magnetism

into the face of Mae Clarke. There was the best musical picture: "Forty-Second Street" with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers and Warner Baxter. There was the best war picture: "All Quiet On The Western Front" with Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim and Ben Alexander among others. There was the best screen biography, with social meaning: "Zola," with that fine actor, Paul Muni. There was the best epic-romance: "Gone With The Wind" with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable leading an all-star cast.

YOU will admit that the talkies ushered in a great line-up of motion pictures. Many things happened, some of which were just and some of which were unfair, while all this was taking place. The great team, probably the most famous team in movie history, Garbo and Gilbert, faded. The audience giggled when they heard their great and favorite lover John Gilbert speak. The comment was that his voice was too thin and high-pitched. Gilbert was tossed out of stardom.

As a matter of fact, John Gilbert's actual voice was not what they commented upon. Gilbert had been on the stage, in stock companies, before he became a movie star. If the sound technicians knew as much then as they knew today, and if they didn't make John Gilbert talk in the language of subtitles, audiences never would have giggled!

Also, MGM—Gilbert's studio—had two new young prom-

ising actors, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable, who were beginning to win favor with the public. The studio believed it better to promote them than to try to rescue Gilbert.

Montgomery, in the beginning, was more popular than Gable; and the studio refused to loan him to Columbia for a picture titled "It Happened One Night." Instead, MGM substituted Clark Gable, who went on with his co-star, Claudette Colbert, to win an Oscar for his performance. The picture also won an Oscar and elevated Columbia Pictures to major status.

Clark Gable is one of the all-time greats of the movies. He is remarkable, for one, because David Selznick allowed his great production of "Gone With The Wind" to become an MGM movie in return for Gable's services as Rhett Butler. Gable is remarkable again because he is the only actor who, some twenty years later, played the same leading role in a remake of a successful movie. Clark Gable was the hero in "Red Dust," and his heroines were Jean Harlow and Mary Astor. Only a few years ago this great movie was remade and retitled "Mogambo." Gable was the hero in it, and this time his heroines were Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly.

A few words about Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, who was the forerunner of the sexy blonde on the screen which runs all the way to today's Marilyn Monroe. Jean Harlow had been playing bits in pictures and got her start when Howard Hughes decided to make movies and, of course, started

"PUBLIC ENEMY": The first great gangster movie made a star of Jimmy Cagney, right, featured Jean Harlow, future blonde bombshell.





"GRAND HOTEL": This MGM epic of 1932 starred Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery (above), Garbo, John and Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone.

with an epic—"Hell's Angels." This started as a silent picture, but about halfway through the filming it became evident that talkies were here to stay. Hughes, always the man he is, decided to scrap his epic and start it over again as a talkie. One line of dialogue Jean Harlow spoke in this movie has become a screen classic.

Jean is wearing a tight fitting gown, as revealing in front as permitted, when she ushers a young aviator (Ben Lyon) into her apartment and says, pointing to the couch: "Would you sit here a minute until I slip into something more comfortable." With that line Harlow stole the picture from a fleet of airplanes.

THIS scrapping of a silent movie to make it a talkie causes me to recall that the only silent movie stars who made the transition to talkies and are still stars today are Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford and Loretta Young. (If I'm wrong, I'm certain you'll let me know.)

It is interesting that one of these should be Gary Cooper, who was known and billed as the strong, silent type, in the silents. Cooper is supposed to utter no more than "Yup" in conversations off the screen as well as on. However, this is not so and Gary can turn quite conversational when he wants to; but he must like the people and the subject matter enough.

Joan Crawford's own story is a scenario in itself. She came to Hollywood a brash, eager chorus girl and educated, and

bettered herself to the position of Movie Queen. Some years back she was considered through in pictures and let go by MGM. After that, Joan seldom left her Brentwood house—until she found a script she liked. It took about a year, and then she went to Warners where she played the title role in "Mildred Pierce." Joan went from winning a Charleston cup to winning an Oscar, which she received for her portrayal in her comeback picture.

Loretta Young is always mentioned when people talk about the big surprises, the great upsets in the Oscar Derby. Loretta amazed everyone, even herself, by winning the Academy Award for her performance in "The Farmer's Daughter." It was merely another example of how much the people in the industry like Loretta.

And Loretta Young who was popular in silent pictures, became popular in the talkies, and today is also popular in the latest medium, television, where she has her own show.

Greta Garbo, who retired from the movies but who is implored to return almost weekly, proved her popularity on TV when MGM produced two of their half-hour weekly programs strictly with clips from old Garbo films. Theatre exhibitors throughout the country said that on those two Wednesday nights their business dropped more than half of previous Wednesdays; and the MGM-TV show received the highest ratings—and praise.

How often can you find a Garbo in any branch of enter-

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The Golden Era of movies had everything: beauty by Lamarr, the suave charm of Powell, the romantic appeal of Gable

tainment. She is unique, and a character. One in a million. Another great actor, whether it be screen or stage, and also a character was John Barrymore, "The Great Profile." In his later years, devoid of eagerness and ambition, Barrymore was better than most newcomers with these qualities and producers battled for his services. Barrymore, when he acted in some movies, didn't even bother to learn his lines. They would be written on a blackboard, out of camera range, for Barrymore to read while he was emoting with an actress or actor. Yet Barrymore wanted to do "Hamlet" at the Hollywood Bowl and knew every line of his part. When asked: "How come you remember every line of 'Hamlet' and can't remember a few lines from a movie script," Barrymore replied, "Those lines aren't worth remembering."

James Cagney, Spencer Tracy and Barbara Stanwyck, three of the many stage performers who attended the screening of the first all-talking picture at the Strand Theatre, continue to be three of the best troupers in pictures today. As the movie tough grew older and his scenarios began to vary, Cagney kept on playing with the same artfulness and sincer-

"I TAKE This Woman" hit the screen in 1940, starred Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. Who can forget her in "Algiers" with Boyer?



"THE THIN MAN": Myrna Loy, Bill Powell in the first of a series.

ity that he did in "Public Enemy." A new group of moviegoers admired and applauded Cagney in "Love Me Or Leave Me." They almost felt as if they were discovering something and someone new. In the old days, Jimmy says, young guys out with their gals would spot him and say: "So you're Jimmy Cagney. So you're supposed to be tough. Well, I'll see how tough you are!" They would try to pick a fight with him to prove to their girls they could lick Cagney. "I don't get much of that any more," says Jimmy, relieved.

Spencer Tracy goes on giving fine performance after fine performance, as if it's a matter of course with him. These days Tracy is regarded as an actor's actor. Robert Wagner, who worked with him in "The Mountain," will tell you that he learned more about acting from Tracy than he did from any group of directors or from studying any method of acting. Tracy is pleased and amused that he is considered an actor's actor. He will tell you that he just plays a role honestly; and that he learned what he knows about acting not from the many stock companies he worked in but from being directed in a play ("Yellow") by the great George M. Cohan. It appears that acting, like history, has a way of re-



"GONE WITH THE WIND": Starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh and Leslie Howard, this opus became the big money-maker of all time.

peating itself. You can learn a lot working with a master.

Barbara Stanwyck, a former Broadway chorus girl named Ruby Stevens, learned her trade from such masters as Willard Mack and Arthur Hopkins. Miss Stanwyck continues to give fine performances, and you'll find it difficult to recall a bad performance by her—even a so-so performance.

ABOUT the most beautiful of the many beautiful heroines of the talkies is Hedy Lamarr. I recall sitting next to Hedy Lamarr in a projection room looking at the film "National Velvet" prior to its release. During the showing of the picture, Hedy turned to me and, commenting on the child actress, Elizabeth Taylor, said; "I wish I were as pretty as she is. She's really beautiful."

The movies and Hollywood have changed and continue to change. People talk of the "good old days" of Hollywood, but all must be in its time and place. Let me tell you about a party Marion Davies gave for Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morrison (since divorced) back in October, 1952. It'll demonstrate what I mean.

The party was a throwback to the grandeur and glamour

that *was* Hollywood. As I wandered about the enormous house (600 guests and the place wasn't crowded), it seemed to me that Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Esther Williams and the dozens of other current movie stars acted like tourists. They wanted to get a glimpse of Marion Davies and of how Hollywood behaved back in those days when they dreamed of becoming movie stars.

Yes, the movie stars gaped as if they were movie fans. It was young Hollywood taking a look at old Hollywood. No movie star today could live in this style and manner. Income taxes, salaries, television, and the changing world have made yesteryear's Hollywood truly a relic of the past.

In motion picture parlance, the Marion Davies party was like filming a flashback. The house was the set and the guests were the extras. It was strictly a one night shooting.

If nothing else, the party proved that Hollywood can't be glamorous in the same way that it used to be. And those people who shout that Hollywood should try to recapture its old time glamour should know better now.

For Hollywood has no magic which can keep it from changing in a changing world.

END



SURPRISED Marilyn gasps on set of "Bus Stop." Despite denials, friendship with playwright Arthur Miller seems to be getting warm.

MARILYN MONROE:

The wedding of sex and culture



By **BILL TUSHER**

STRAIN of her rigorous work schedule took its toll on Marilyn's nerves during shooting of "Bus Stop." Hands belong to director Joshua Logan.

Marilyn's passion for longhair pursuits appears boundless these days. Will she also acquire a longhair husband?

WHEN Marilyn Monroe was a fledgling voluptuary at 20th Century-Fox, the subject of nomenclature came up for the usual exaggerated consideration such trivia gets at the launching of a movie career.

Since Norma Jean Dougherty somehow reminded a studio talent scout of the late Marilyn Miller, Norma Jean came perilously close to inheriting that name. But for sentimental reasons the shy neophyte begged for the use of her mother's maiden name. The studio compromised by permitting her to borrow her mother's surname on condition that she accept Marilyn Miller's first name. Thus the alliterative Marilyn Monroe—and a bug-eyed American legend—was born.

Sooner or later, however, fate gets its way, and it well may be that Norma Jean Dougherty was destined to become Marilyn Miller after all. Certainly if the flurry of indications pointing to her marrying up with Pulitzer Prize playwright Arthur Miller are borne out, she will become—at least in private life—Marilyn Miller.

Despite denials by friends and the principals to the in-

triguing friendship, as this story was passed out to the linotype operators, most trained observers of Hollywood amours were operating on the ancient, if sometimes deceptive, theory that where there's smoke there's fire—or at least a Boy Scout rubbing two twigs together.

With all the wide-eyed innocence she could muster on her baby doll face, Marilyn has been meeting all questions concerning the seriousness of her relationship with Miller with the stock demurrer, "We're just good friends."

Those are famous—or infamous—last words.

Marilyn, like history, repeats herself. Three years ago when her romance with Joe DiMaggio waxed hot, I had asked precisely what people now are asking about her and Arthur Miller, to wit: were wedding bells about to peal? And just how did Marilyn shrug off her romance with the Yankee Clipper? "We're just good friends," she said.

A week later she upped and married the guy.

When Marilyn dusted off her old denial at a homecoming cocktail party she tossed for a lucky handful of the Holly-

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wood press in her rented Cape Cod hideaway in Beverly Hills, I was reluctant to allow her to wiggle off the hook so easily—as diverting a spectacle as this manifestly is.

"When you say friends," I asked cruelly, "you're not suggesting a romantic alliance, are you?"

Marilyn threw out her chest, walked right up to me, looked me squarely in the eye, and retorted firmly but laughingly, "You heard me. I said friends. Friends."

Of course, Marilyn is a past master of the ambiguous word. As experience tells us, Marilyn's experience included, women are more apt to marry friends than enemies. By the time you read these words, Marilyn may have done just that.

And she provided herself with a neat escape hatch for just such a contingency, too.

"I think," she told me roguishly, "that I'd make somebody a wonderful wife."

It would be difficult to dismiss as mere coincidence the fact that the celebrated Mr. Miller holed up in Las Vegas for his divorce at the same time Marilyn was at work in nearby Hollywood on her comeback picture, "Bus Stop."

This proximity reeked even more suspiciously of the altar when it followed on the heels of vehemently denied reports, when Marilyn first hit town, that Miller would be coming out to visit her. If a quick unhitching were his only purpose, he could have accomplished that in Mexico, and even with more

dispatch than he could in the accommodating state of Nevada.

Further, coincidentally or not, Marilyn kept the field clear—at least theoretically—for Miller by refusing to assuage her loneliness by dating other men during Miller's absence. To be sure, Marilyn was concentrating on her role as the voluptuous floozy in "Bus Stop"—but her failure to clutter up her evenings with beaux did nothing to interfere with any concentration she might care to fix on her friendship with Miller.

It also would be difficult to dismiss as mere coincidence Marilyn's sudden interest in reading all Mr. Miller's plays, and certainly it would tax the credulity to believe that Miller's reported nightly telephone calls to Marilyn at her Beverly Hills home were to ask if she had read any good books—or plays—lately.

Marilyn has come to toss around verbiage as astutely as an astute politician, and anything she says must be evaluated in terms of what she does *not* say as well.

FOR instance, when I cornered Marilyn, she gave me the familiar pitch about her new friendship. "How can it be romance? He is married."

It is significant that Marilyn didn't say it *can't* be a romance. She's too honest for that. Nor would it be unreasonable to suppose that her question was purely rhetorical. In fact, Miller was seeing to it in impressive haste, as he liqui-

VICE PRESIDENT of Marilyn Monroe is photographer Milton Greene, whose advice she values. Greene is also a member of longhair set.



well developed as the rest of her

dated his marriage of 15 years to the former Mary Slattery, that the question of previous wedlock was rendered totally irrelevant as a barrier to a future union.

Needless to point out in this world of uncertainty, today's plans frequently become tomorrow's discarded blueprints. But whether the friendship of the sexpot and the playwright ends up at the altar or not, it struck many flabbergasted observers as the most unlikely combination since Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier.

Marilyn, however, has been showing herself to be a young woman of surprising resolve and no less surprising capacity. Everyone laughed when she walked out on her contract with 20th Century-Fox. Yet Marilyn pulled it off in as pretty a Putsch as has been executed in many a Hollywood eon. They all laughed once more when word got out that Marilyn had notions of making "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence, but his sirship almost tripped over his knighthood in his eagerness to enter into this undertaking with Marilyn.

And again they all laughed—and possibly still are chuckling—at the reports of a possible romance between the sleepy-eyed Dumb Dora of "The Seven Year Itch" and the intellectual from whose pen has come the novel, "Focus," and such deep plays as "All My Sons" and "Death Of A Salesman."

Again the tendency was to shrug it off as absurdly improbable. But a marriage between the girl with the built-in double entendre and the studious, dark-haired author with the horn-rimmed spectacles could make enormously more sense than at first might seem apparent.

To begin with, it easily could represent that soundest of psychological laws—an attraction of opposites. It could be a four-alarm wedding of the intellectual and the biological—with *Marilyn* supplying the intellectual drive, and *Miller* providing the biological response!

As everyone knows—on the altogether reasonable assumption that her curves already are more than adequately developed—Marilyn has been developing her mind on a culture dunking binge as remarkable as it is commendable in this era of complacency. If she builds up her thinking apparatus sufficiently to tune in on Arthur Miller's level, this well could be the last lap on her tortuous march to self-confidence.

IN her year's sabbatical from Hollywood, Marilyn not only has become a disciple of Actors' Studio—where she met Miller—but also an habituée of such cheesecake centers as the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Modern Museum in New York. She has become steeped in the world of Goya and Rembrandt, has become a serious student of the theatre—and one of its leading contemporary figures, Arthur Miller—and she curls up in bed with such escapist reading as James Joyce's "Ulysses," Dostoevsky's "The Idiot," George Bernard Shaw's "Letters To Ellen Terry," Shaw's "Letters To Mrs. Patrick Campbell," ad very heavy infinitum.

And in New York she did not confine her interest in things highbrow to bed. Actors' Studio became the hub of her new cultural whirl, and she became the darling of many of the Studio's elite faculty and patrons. The only eligible, or potentially eligible, bachelor in the whole impressive lot was Miller.

As Marilyn remarked of Miller in one of her endearing non sequiturs, "He's a friend, and a friend of friends."

This friend and friend of friends also has vigorously, if not altogether convincingly, denied romantic preoccupation with Marilyn. But he did let out that he has been impressed.

"She has a terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character

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"**SHE** has a terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character or a situation" is what playwright Arthur Miller says of Mmmmmmm.



TEAMING up with Laurence Olivier to make "The Sleeping Prince" is part of Marilyn's new culture binge. It should be jolly good fun.

MARISA AND JEAN PIERRE

Up in Central Park



When the recently married Jean Pierre Aumonts paid a call on New York, they headed for the big park where love and nature harmonize

FIFTH Avenue skyline and Central Park pond make a fine backdrop for romance.

HANSOM cab ride around the park delights newlyweds Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont. Their marriage took place on March 27.





LOVE and nature are in full bloom as Marisa and Jean nestle on park bench. Wedding consummated whirlwind romance of three months.
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MARISA AND JEAN PIERRE continued

Horsing around in Central Park or



PEEKABOO! says Marisa to her coy swain nuzzling a tree. Below, Jean Pierre has eyes only for his young bride who makes with the charm.



admiring modern art, life is "tres gay" for these honeymooners



MON DIEU! C'est magnifique is Marisa's reaction to Toulouse-Lautrec sketch at Museum of Modern Art. Mais oui, ma petite, says Jean. **END**

Meet Murphy,



NOW 31, Audie's new self is quite evident as he joins son Terry in a rousing version of "Davy Crockett," while Mom listens appreciatively.

the Solid Citizen

By facing realities squarely, Audie has emerged from the fears that plagued him and become a well-adjusted man

By TEX MADDOX

THE TENSIONS that once tied up Audie Murphy are fading fast. No longer is he lonely, naive or uncertain. Those periods when he had to cling to a blind faith in a vague future are gone forever. Today, Audie's moves are mature from practically every standpoint.

Audie used to shun analyzing himself because it dredged up too many hurts. Everything good seemed appallingly temporary to him until wife Pam's devotion and the adoration and needs of his sons gave him deep reasons for striving. "I couldn't figure out so many things about life, or myself," he admits. "But I wanted to know how and why you find and lose happiness."

Gradually this past year he's realized he's no longer a poor country kid who couldn't do anything for those dearest to him. He isn't the puzzled movie hero who served his studio apprenticeship throughout his twenties, either. Audie's baby face has his character etched in it now. He has the same irrepressible humor and humble viewpoint, assets that distinguish him. Add the approval his efforts have won lately to the affectionate understanding he's received at home and you are clear on why he isn't plagued by the doubts that formerly haunted him. He has grown up as a human being by facing realities squarely and developing his potentialities determinedly. Now he feels he isn't subject to the whims of the indifferent, so he's both more ambitious and more relaxed than he ever supposed he would be.

Now 31, Audie's new self is so evident that it's strange to hear he had to be *persuaded* to rise to his greatest challenge at his studio, U-I. Yet he did have to be persuaded to relive his painful teen-age years in "To Hell And Back." Only his sincerity and the encouragement of his wonderful wife and those he trusted enabled him to look back so searchingly.

Audie had never before been involved in the staging of every scene in a film and he was fascinated by the details he was plunged into. Then, when that picture was finished, he was told it was also his responsibility to help present it properly. Cooperating with the Army for military premieres, he saw much of the country directly and was guest of honor at so many patriotic functions he emerged from his shyness a glib, impromptu speaker.

To Audie's amazement, his film tribute to the Infantry has proved the most popular hit ever made

by his studio in its history. In the long run, his royalty on the picture may amount to \$1,000,000—far more than he had previously earned in a decade of stardom. Of course, taxes will take away most of it. But because of this brand new record as a box-office "wow," new opportunities have been dangled in front of him. The big shots query him politely: what would he prefer?

Such deference astounds Audie, but it hasn't given him any delusions of grandeur. He is as unaffected as ever. But he's infinitely wiser.

When it was pointed out to him that he could set up an independent company to produce some pictures, so he might share in the profits from here on, he recognized the security this might bring his family. Audie never dreamt of making much money when he was desperately poor; in Hollywood he re-

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INSPECTING the gun-like contraption he uses for spear fishing. Skin-diving has become one of Audie's new hobbies.





FATHER and son Terry rest after a strenuous romp in the backyard. Audie's already taught his four-year-old son how to ride a horse and swim.

COMPANIONSHIP with Pam has made Audie more philosophical. He's no longer restless and doesn't get in the doldrums any more.



An ardent pal to his sons, Audie

remained relatively uninterested. Then a business manager got him so badly in debt he had to look out for himself. Broaching the subject of independent production to U-I, he wasn't rebuffed. They were willing to reward him by rewriting his contract so he can make one outside film a year. Acutely conscious of being a comparative amateur at all the problems this entails, Audie shrewdly formed a partnership with veteran producer Harry Joe Brown, the man who's helped Randolph Scott make a fortune by taking the same step.

AS SOON as this career framework for the future was definite, a torrent of scripts from which he could choose poured in. Meanwhile, there was time to delight his family with a more comfortable house.

"We were mighty pinched for space," he explains. "We had to crowd Terry, Skipper, and the girl Pam hired to help into our other bedroom. Then the traffic out in the Valley kept getting worse." Beside the strain of commuting, there was danger from speeding drivers who discovered the Murphys' side street was a short cut.

The Murphys aren't anxious to blossom into social leaders, so they didn't pick a Beverly Hills mansion. Instead, after careful looking, they found exactly what they wanted, a convenient five-minute drive from U-I. Moving day, Audie was



TIME devoted to his sons is considered well spent by Audie. "I'm going to try to teach them to be individuals, not to copy or depend on others."

believes it's what a father gives of himself that matters the most

on location; Pam took charge efficiently. Their beautiful, rambling, two-story Early American residence in the Toluca Lake district cost \$75,000. When you knock on their door, there's a welcoming smile from whoever opens it, and the warm family feeling is immediately evident. They don't give or go to plushy parties, so they skipped an official housewarming. "A couple of close friends over for dinner and a quiet evening of honest talk suits us," Audie says with a twinkle again in his blue eyes.

As a husband, Audie was sometimes thoughtless. He doesn't keep Pam waiting now, but considerately phones if he's going to be late. He had to make instant decisions, so it never dawned on him she planned cautiously. He's not impulsive in his suggestions since he's become aware that she needs time to shift her duties to join him in his enthusiasm. Socially, he was a sorry mixer, scorning small talk. He still avoids artificialities and large gatherings, but his exposure to Pam's wholehearted zest for life and her boundless sympathy has melted him into conceding others may be as shy as he was. Audie's impatience, expressed frankly or in sudden temper that subsides quickly, hasn't vanished by any means, but companionship with Pam has made him more philosophical. Now he doesn't have to tear away for long drives alone if seized with his black Irish blues—he can confess he's de-

pressed and grin and bear it. Altogether, his old restlessness returns infrequently because he's not frustrated. He's intelligently altered habitual reactions he's outgrown.

"I used to put off anything that bored me. But that Pam!" he adds appreciatively. "She'll investigate anything, so she's never bored. She's on the go from the minute we're up. She can do five things well at once, and her judgment is almost invariably right."

Two babies in a row and a practical side that makes her a marvelous homemaker narrowed her path. Audie is aware that as an airline hostess she used to merrily meet the world daily, and he's glad she can now get out more. He's learned not to cart home clothes for her; she had to take back his selections that weren't her type at all. "When I see something I like now I report the news and tell her to buy it if she likes it!"

As a father, Audie's more far-seeing. He used to take Terry to a store for a \$2 toy camera and get a \$30 truck for him. He had no fun as a boy during his own struggle for existence, so that was natural. But now he's concerned about the trust fund he's establishing so his boys will never be in dire straits. He's never wanted to be a Mr. Fix-It around the house, so he has no workshop. "But Terry is so mechanical I may have to take up power tools when he's ready for them!" Audie's abandoned hunting for a spell. He says it's because

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SOCIALLY, Audie was once a sorry mixer, but Pam's wholehearted zest for life and her boundless sympathy helped him overcome his shyness.

Good things seemed temporary to Audie until his wife's devotion and the adoration of his sons gave him reasons for striving

his hip, shattered in the war, bothers him, but I've noticed the change occurred shortly after Terry saw a hunting sequence on television and thought that man was mean. It's what a father gives of himself that matters most, Audie's sure. That's why he's a fabulous pal to his sons. He's taught Terry to ride Flying John, Audie's screen horse, a huge project for a four-year-old. Swimming lessons have started for Terry, too. As for Skipper, he's been recovering from an eight-foot fall over the banister; a two-year-old's difficulty in getting about with a cast on a broken leg made Audie suffer as much as the child.

WITH Terry gleeful over his projects and play at nursery school, Audie is entering another phase in self-education. He couldn't finish high school himself, but his keen observation and fantastic memory partly made up for that. "I always liked to read," he says. "When I was little I had a coal-oil lamp and stuffed paper under the door so the light wouldn't betray me when I was sent to bed. I don't want the boys to be bookworms. Getting along with people means more. But college seems a must. One of my best friends works at an aircraft plant and he's sharp in electronics. But he can't get a promotion because he hasn't a degree." The young Murphys are eligible for West Point automatically because of Audie's bravery, but he won't steer them there or into any other specific career. "I hope they'll never have any fear of me, that they'll always feel they can come straight to me for help. I want to try to teach them that they'll be better off if they dare to be individuals, if they don't just copy or depend on

someone else. If they'll value how they stack up truly more than what they have, they aren't liable to go very wrong."

This house will be buzzing with their kid parties before long, and Audie will be listening intently to Pam's accounts of P.T.A. meetings. He'll be getting acquainted with teachers and all their educational theories. He can't visualize his part plainly in this chapter yet, but he doesn't want to miss a thing. And you can bet he's become a bear for adult education, to stay ahead of the boys.

Audie's sold the 91-acre ranch he bought north of Dallas because he found it would be a drain unless he pitched in on the farming. Anyway, he's eager to put down his roots in California now that he doesn't have to seek safety elsewhere.

Since his good friend Tommy Hart gave him pep talks on the thrills of skin-diving, Audie has taken it up and gone on to a new passion for the sea. He's bought a 60-foot motor sailboat he keeps moored in Balboa Bay, and he's heading for a two-week cruise in Mexican waters before summer is over. Pam has to lick her tendency towards seasickness; the boys are too small yet to be trusted on a deck that may dip under rough waves. But Audie suspects his family are going to be as intrigued as he is.

Before this ocean jaunt southward he will wrap up "Guns Of Fort Petticoat," his first movie made independently. He has chosen the strongest Western he could find, and has accepted Columbia's bid to release it. Right now, if you'll pardon him, he's up to his neck in the intricate facets he's facing behind the camera. Acting in front of it isn't enough for the man Audie's become. No wonder Pam is proud of him! **END**

SUDDEN success hasn't given Audie any delusions of grandeur. He's bought a bigger home and a boat but has remained as unaffected as ever.





Carroll
Baker

INFANTILE habits are still indulged by Baby Doll, a girl of 19 who is married—in name only—to a much older man' (Karl Malden).

Baby doll

An exciting new screen personality, Carroll Baker portrays a childlike Southern bride in her first starring role



CARROLL is the newest "find" of the Actors' Studio which also produced Brando and Eva Marie Saint.

MARRIED in real life to a N.Y. stage director, Jack Garfein, Carroll lives there, is dedicated to her career.

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Carroll Baker continued

a dedicated performer,
**Carroll still studies at
the Actors' Studio to
improve as an artist**



independent by temperament, Carroll has been called "a female Jimmy Dean." She was born in Johnstown, Pa., studied dancing from the age of 11. New York, TV and the Broadway stage were stepping stones to Hollywood.





Carroll makes her movie debut
in "Giant," becomes a
big new star in "Baby Doll."

END

ROCK HUDSON SAYS:

Everybody should get married

Once reluctant to give up his freedom, Rock, now a benedict, admits bachelorhood's for the birds

By JIM COOPER

INTERVIEW" is a bad word to use within the framework of an article based on an interview. It paralyzes reader senses and touches off yawns. It evokes a suspicion of prefabricated material, set questions and routine answers, a formula hopelessly warped and gimmicked toward an already established end.

Especially is this so in the case of the big young man known to Hollywood and elsewhere as Rock Hudson, first, because he is not professionally garrulous and, second, because his views and experiences on everything relevant to his private life have been spectacularly depleted by repetition.

The views are there, all right. But they can be turned up not so much by "interview" as by conversation. Hudson freezes at the sight of pencil and paper and becomes obdurate in the face of a quiz technique.

But it is possible now to know that he was not immune

THEIR contentment is reflected in the big smiles of Rock and his bride Phyllis who say, "We're just a normal married couple."



from the acute loneliness, almost a sense of desolation, that afflicts bachelors; that his marriage to Phyllis Gates has completed a fulfillment that began when Universal-International put him to work instead of keeping him on the bench; that if he were out of movies, he would like to be a bum; that he may conceivably one day adopt a Korean war orphan; and that he regards "Rock Hudson"—Hudson's name is Roy Fitzgerald—as an improbable and perhaps even dangerous creation born of industrial necessity, the industry in this case being films.

So let us call the occasion just a friendly chat, since in a way that is what it was. Topic One—the inevitable—was introduced; or dragged in by the scruff of the neck, kicking and screaming on the way.

"There must be something else to talk about. I'm a bore on the subject," he said. "But it's *my* married life. Nobody else's. Besides, it's so—so normal. What's there to say? When I was working around L.A., who'd care? Now this Rock Hudson's in the act. Who he?"

"Better than being a bachelor, though?"

Hudson smiled for the first time. "I'll buy that," he said. "Oh, sure, I'll buy that. I'm not exactly out on a limb, am I? You know how it is when you're a bachelor, there comes a time everyone's gone home. Or the party's over and *you've* gone home. Alone. And I do mean alone. If the hoe-down's been at your place, the ashtrays are full of butts, the air full of smoke, the rings where the glasses were. There's the feeling of being part of something that's all over, no laughter, no voice to hear but your own. It's not good.

"And it's worse when there's nothing at all to go home to. Lots of times, even after they muttered over this test-tube and brought forth Rock Hudson, I wouldn't go home. Not from work. To a picture, maybe, or just hang around, or drive somewhere. It gives you a feeling of—well, nothing. I remember one cold night, I drove past some homes that were warm and bright as Christmas cards, with people moving about or laughing inside, and nothing seemed to add up to anything.

"Or nothing but Tucker, my Irish setter. He'd be waiting. Rock was slowly coming of age then, and it seemed that so many people wanted something. A loan or an interview or a

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"GIANT" director George Stevens rehearses his star. "No one, man or woman, can live alone," says Rock. "There's got to be another."

picture sitting, my name—Rock's name—on this or Rock's okay on that. But nobody around who ever knew Roy Fitzgerald. But Tucker—he never wanted a thing. Just me. He didn't give a hoot who Rock Hudson was and couldn't have cared less. He wanted to eat, yes, which is reasonable, and he wanted the kind of love dogs need, and he wanted a walk around the block. Nothing else. And if I got bounced the next day, it'd still be that way with Tucker. But a dog, the best dog in the world, can only go so far.

"I can't say it well. But I know it's so. It's this: No one, man or woman, can live alone. This no-man-is-an-island stuff. There's got to be another, at least another. You die in a void. And if you're lucky enough to find the exact right person, the right other, then you've had your share of luck.

"Well—I was that lucky."

YET, it is not true that bachelor Hudson met and courted Phyllis Gates at a desolate period in his life. If he had, he might well have done nothing about it. His career was on the upswing then; in fact, at a kind of zenith. The circumstance made him assured and cheerful, outgoing. It made him the kind of man Phyllis Gates liked. In the year 1950, she might have been able to take him or leave him alone. He was restless, static, moody. He was on the U-I lot but scarcely of it. He was being paid, but he wasn't working. He spent many restive, fidgety hours bemoaning what wasn't happening to him, thinking of ships, of other places, other horizons and what lay beyond them.

"I was ready to check out," he said. "I never could stay in one place long anyway. And this was from nothing. Who cared about getting paid if you weren't going anywhere.

"I wasn't kidding either. Out of pictures, I don't know what



LOOKING just like a proud parent would, Rock poses with Liz Taylor and the Bishop twins, who play his screen family in "Giant."



MEMORIES of the many nights he just hung around by himself have convinced Rock there's little happiness in success unshared.

I could do or what I would do. Certainly not sit in an office, I could never do that. Never in my life. If they threw me out, I'd become a bum, is what I figured. Or rejoin the Navy." He served from 1944 through 1946. "It wouldn't matter about being through as an actor. I want to direct anyway. I study that all the time. But if I was clean out of the business, a bum is what I'd be."

At the time of this conversation, Hudson was working on the film, "Battle Hymn." It has a Korean setting and features the services of a number of Korean war orphans, lovely little boys and girls, hit-and-run victims, the flotsam of pointless horror. Now it was their last day, they had to go home again, and one of their number, whom everyone called Sammy, was especially heartbroken.

"Incidentally," Hudson said, "Sammy asked me today to adopt him." His voice was even. He and Sammy had become pals during location shooting in Nogales, Arizona. Their mutual attachment was much more than press agent expediency.

"You going to?"

"Can't," he said. "Not till he gets back to Korea anyway. That was all part of the agreement when they brought 'em over here for the picture."

"How about then?"

He shrugged, leaving the question open.

It had been in Nogales, too, that Hudson, speaking more or less for Roy Fitzgerald, his truckdriver alter ego, had been moved to discuss the problem presented by the creation of Rock Hudson. For the record, he said suddenly:

"I'm not always sure this thing is all to the good. I think the kids, younger girls particularly, might get to confuse the

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insure Rock against loneliness



ROLE in "Giant" is happy one
for Rock, who likes outdoor life.

PIER AND VIC:

Bread, Love and.

The Damones' heir is a big, bouncing bambino with plenty of *sale e pepe* and a dandy moniker: Perry Rocco Luigi!



MAMA MIA! Looks like Perry's getting plenty to eat, which may account for his sunny disposition. Perry's now just one year old.

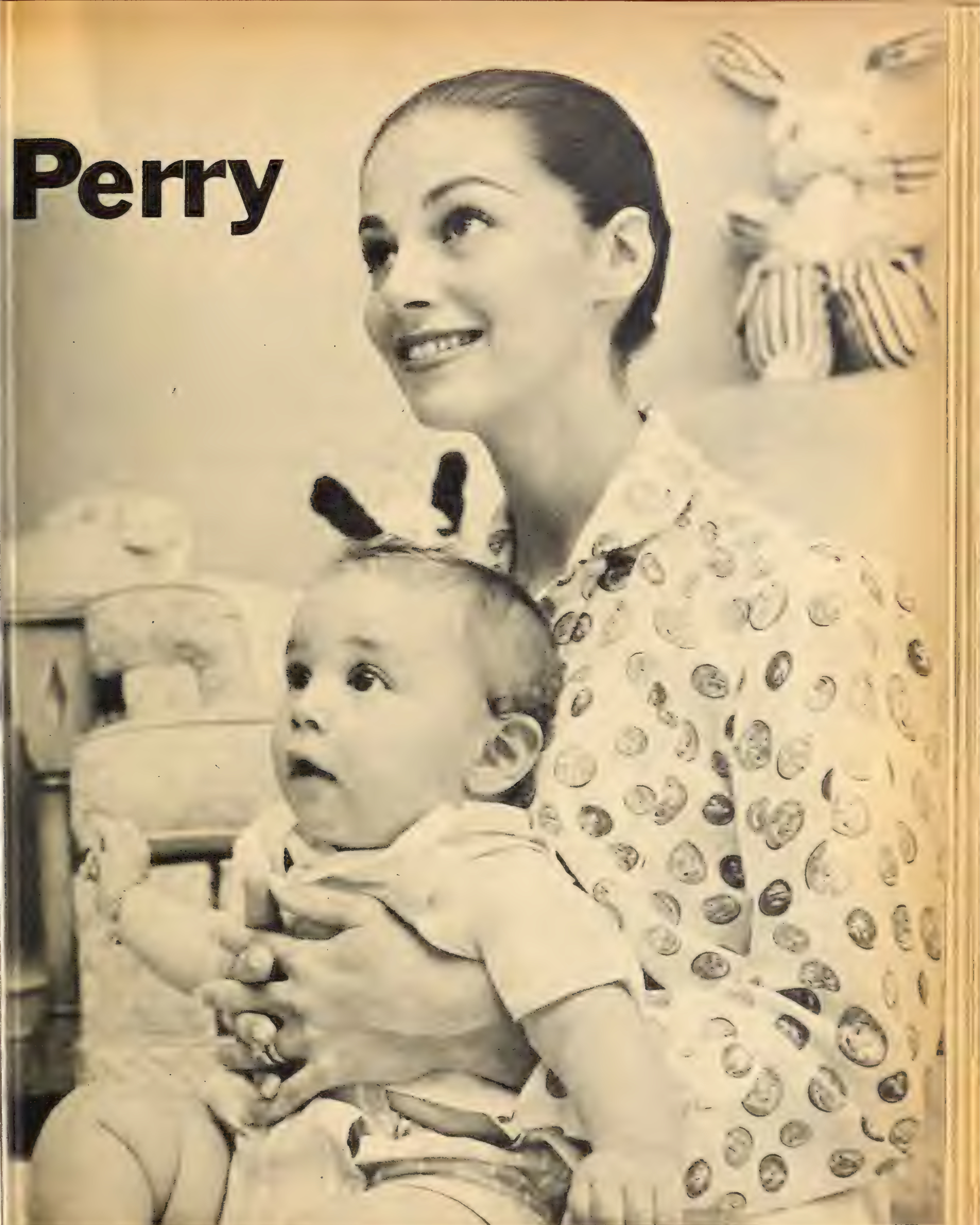


THE BOYS all want to kiss mama, including husband Vic Damone and son Perry. Who can blame them when Mom is Pier Angeli?

HER SON makes funny faces at Pier, so she makes one right back at him. Pier's latest for MGM: "Somebody Up There Likes Me."



Perry



PROUD MOTHER poses with her baby who was named after Perry Como, a good friend. Pier and Vic will be wed two years November 24. **END**

NATALIE WOOD SAYS:

Better to be neurotic

A rebel with a cause, this precocious young starlet has her own ideas about how to achieve success in Hollywood

By JOHN MAYNARD

"I'M MARRIED," said Natalie Wood suddenly. It was a day in early summer, and she was lunching at Warner Bros.' Green Room, a place possessing strange acoustics.

She knelt, facing frontward, in her rather hard wooden chair, instead of sitting in it. The position should be fantastically uncomfortable but she said it wasn't. She wore slacks of a sort and her black hair was close-cropped.

The man with her had the impression this might turn into something fruitful in the way of journalistic enterprise. The beginning had been promising.

But she hadn't told *him* she was married. She had said it to Tab Hunter, who was sitting alone at the next table, looking vaguely chagrined about something.

Hunter raised his head. "Who to?" he said dolefully.

"You," said Miss Wood.

"When?"

"The paper didn't say when," said Miss Wood. "It just sort of said I was. Hinted. Would you care to comment?"

"I'd care to eat lunch," said Hunter. His air certainly was a wounded one.

There is in fact no documentary evidence whatever that Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter are married, and very little likelihood of it. Indeed, the chances of its ever coming to pass seem remote. Miss Wood is believed to think of Tab in a sisterly kind of way as "Buster," and has been quoted as saying she would be guilty of robbing a cradle should she become Mrs. H. Nor is it especially relevant that Natalie, crowding 18, is some years younger than Tab. In an era when mental precocity is discouraged in Hollywood, she is mentally precocious. Tab is the norm. Natalie reads the late Thomas Wolfe, both aloud and to herself. Tab can take Mr. Wolfe's prose or leave it alone, especially if it interferes with horseback riding. But the story that they are romantically inclined does no one or nothing any harm. The box-office, for example.

Having disposed of this much conversation, Natalie returned to her Coke—that was lunch—and assailed the problem of juvenile delinquency. She did so somewhat tiredly, as though it were a subject she had already chewed over and dismissed in her own mind. Her picture, "Rebel Without A Cause," to the contrary, she did not even seem especially opposed to a



SOPHISTICATED beyond her 18 years, Natalie, nevertheless, enjoys such teen-age pleasures as a swimming date with Mark Damon.

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PIXIE-ISH and gay one minute, blase the next, Natalie yearns to be a *femme fatale*.

"Glamour I don't care about. It goes away pretty soon. Talent's the only thing that matters"



ACCLAIMED as a child actress, Natalie is currently embarked on her adult career. "I must keep learning my trade," she says.

"THE BURNING HILLS": Co-starred in this Western drama, Natalie and Tab Hunter have emerged an exciting new love team.

spot of delinquency, within the obvious limits of good taste.

"A little of it's probably healthy," she said. "I do think, though, that kids might be a little easier on their parents. We shouldn't be tyrants anyway." It was momentarily hard to know whether or not she was kidding. She's something of a dead-pan comic. "Parents have some rights. They're entitled to know where you've been until three in the morning."

Three in the *morning*, yet!

"Oh, not me. I'm mostly a working girl. Besides, I'm not really an authority on this subject. I went mostly to studio school, you know. Child actress. I only went to the regular ones between pictures. I graduated from Van Nuys, though." She makes rather a point of the things in her life directly related to normality. "But I read about it a lot. What gets a lot of kids down is when parents get arbitrary. You can't do this, you can't do that. Period. But without explaining why. The parents owe you a reason. Arbitrariness is no good. But I can't explain any of this vandalism bit; wrecking school rooms and all that. That wouldn't be for me or anyone I know. No, there ought to be a Be-Kind-To-Parents week. I really think so." She sipped her Coke. "But they shouldn't tie you down," she said. "Not hand and foot. How else would a kid find out the score if he couldn't get in the game himself? Parents should be treated with love and kindness and tolerance, but that doesn't mean you should let them get the upper hand."

HER listener cleared his throat to interject something suggested by the word "love," but Natalie wasn't quite through yet.

"One more thing," she said. "May I say one more thing? It just now popped into my mind."

Mais oui, mademoiselle, certainement.





LUNCHING with Tab during filming of "The Burning Hills." They're friends and often go out on dates, but there's no romance in the offing.

"Be neurotic," she said. "I'd like to say that to everyone I know. You can't be a success unless you're neurotic. Oh, I *like* normal people. But what does normal mean but mediocre? And a mediocre character's from Nothingville. I never met a real talent who wasn't neurotic to some degree or other. I mean, so maybe Jimmy Dean couldn't add a column of figures. I don't know whether he could or couldn't, but say he couldn't. If he could, then probably he wouldn't have been a great actor. For talent, give me the off-beat types with the off-beat values. Every time."

And Miss Wood is a deep and utterly sincere respecter of talent. That, if classification there need be, is what she goes for.

"You can have," she remarked recently, "the pretty boys and the wholesome characters who go thataway. In the end, talent's the only thing that counts."

Did she apply the same criteria to herself?

"Yes, definitely. I want a solid career based on my ability as an actress, which is a trade I must learn and keep learning. Not as a personality or a beauty. All that you can lose. But talent—once you have it, it's yours. I'd like to learn the slow, hard way, on the Broadway stage and in pictures. If I had a professional dream, it would be for nothing but good material and good directors such as Elia Kazan. Glamour I don't care about. It goes away pretty soon anyway."

At this juncture, it seemed reasonable to switch over to Natalie-the-person, and make inquiry as to whether anything in the way of an Ideal Husband had yet jelled in her mind. A

rip-snorter with green hair, for instance, who wrote like Thomas Wolfe and liked to steal park benches and wear muffins in his ears.

Natalie said that as of even date, she had no thoughts on the subject but was reasonably sure he wouldn't conform to a standard pattern. She knew herself *that* well, she said. Tab had finished his chow by then and gone elsewhere.

Actually, Natalie Wood can be excused any precocity of the mind she displays, both because she wears it very attractively and without brashness and because hers has been a precocious childhood and youth by the yardstick of Elgin, Illinois.

She was born in San Francisco on July 20, 1938, and moved—or was moved—to Santa Rosa, Calif., four years later.

WELL, certain things seem to happen all the time, and one of them happened to Natalie: Director Irving Pichel was in Santa Rosa on location, making a picture called "Happyland," and pressed Natalie and her mother into service.

Even then, Natalie took to direction like a porpoise to a handout, and Pichel was impressed. He must have been; it was all of two years later that he had to fill a child role in an item named "Tomorrow Is Forever," starring Claudette Colbert and Orson Welles, and he thought immediately of Natalie.

In this, the little girl not only was good—she was striking. As Welles's orphaned ward, she won critical acclaim and official box-office kudos.

From there, it got a little like a parade—or in any event,

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ROSSANO BRAZZI:

Mr. Dreamboat at home



Fireplace and slippers hold more appeal than romancin' for the great lover of "Barefoot Contessa" and "Summertime"



MAKING love to beautiful actresses is all in a day's work to Rossano Brazzi who prefers wife Lydia and the comforts of home.

AMUSED by the number of proposals her screen lover husband gets, Lydia helps Rossano answer his fan mail.



THREE dogs and a rabbit share a pleasant life with the Brazzis. Handsome Rossano is now making "Interlude" with June Allyson.

WED 15 years, Rossano and Lydia are still very much in love, still hold hands and cuddle like young lovers, even at parties.



END

A QUESTION:

Why is Joan Collins like a roller coaster?

**England's distaff maverick has as
exciting curves, but conversationally
she's as straight as a board**

By MARK DAYTON

JOAN COLLINS, who is just about the most incendiary thing to come out of London since the blitz, has a unique habit of saying exactly what she means. She has every important feminine attribute but artifice, and on her the deficiency looks good.

Anatomically, Miss Collins has more curves than a roller coaster on a corkscrew highway, but conversationally she's as straight as an ironing board.

I quickly found this out when I had words with the guileless Miss Collins in a third floor hideaway at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she had just finished playing the Joan Crawford role in "The Opposite Sex," MGM's gilt-edged rejuvenation of a not too dusty cinema hit, "The Women." Joan advanced a philosophy of the spoken word, which, if adopted in international circles, would set diplomacy forward at least a thousand years.

"If I think there is something to be said which I don't want quoted," she explained simply, as she sat in a big gray club chair, toying with her gold and pearl earrings, "I won't say it. If I do have opinions about things, I'll say them right out."

This was a very promising platform, and in no time at all the fetching

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BIZARRE headdress she wears while waiting to go on in MGM's "The Opposite Sex" is a match for Joan's unorthodox personality.



RESTLESS by nature, Joan admits, "I hate to be stuck in one place." On a recent New York jaunt, she charms small Central Park strollers.

Refusing to conform to a stereotype, refreshingly candid Joan

Miss Collins was blithely living up to her advance publicity.

In an unusual exhibition of restraint, Hollywood has hailed Joan as the sexiest export from Europe since Lady Godiva, who, as it happens, wasn't even exported. Since she has the measurements and allure to go with the advertising, I considered that she could address herself to the subject of feminine provocation with undisputed authority. She accommodated by accompanying the authority with uncommon candor.

She did not regard Hollywood's preoccupation with the opposite sex as either unusual or in questionable taste, but she did venture that too much stress is placed, in the land of magic lanterns, on certain abutments in the female chassis.

"I think," Joan said, turning her wide green saucer eyes on me, "that sex appeal is kind of very overrated here. It's getting so that if a girl has a 78-inch bust, she's an instant star."

I couldn't resist pointing out that if such an extravagantly equipped young lady didn't become an instant star, she'd have no trouble making the grade as an instant attraction in a sideshow, but Miss Collins graciously ignored the interruption.

"I don't think sex is based on measurements," she declared with a fine sense of justice. It was quite nice of her to concede this, because if sex *were* based on measurements, this dark-haired, cameo-skinned young lady would have no difficulty qualifying.

"Take Audrey Hepburn," she suggested generously as she leaned forward to flick her cigarette ashes. "She's very slender, and I think she's got enormous sex appeal. No, I don't think it's measurements at all."

It was pointed out, purely in the spirit of contention, that an attractive figure is not necessarily a detriment to an actress, and the name of Marlene Dietrich was offered in evidence of the claim.

"But Dietrich," Joan rebutted sweetly, "never relied on her figure alone to generate sex appeal. She just had a tremendous aura of mystery about her. She was an exciting woman, and she had mystery."

Joan explained what she meant by feminine mystery by citing an example of what it isn't.



"ROUTINE bores me." Joan just takes off when tedium threatens.

intends to live as she pleases

"A girl in one of those men's magazines," she elucidated, "with half her clothes on, peeking around a cushion, has no mystery. If I were a man, I think I would prefer to figure it out for myself."

Miss Collins had to concede that the studios did not have their brain trusters staying up nights figuring out ways of keeping her own considerable attributes top secret. But she insisted that while she is agreeable to a moderate amount of cheesecake, there is such a thing as keeping it within the realm of good taste.

"I don't mind a little cheesecake once in a while," she said charitably. "I realize this kind of publicity is necessary. However, I hate those pin-ups where the girl is in an apron, half clad, carving a turkey for Thanksgiving. It's sordid! Just to base appeal on being a raving sexpot is sordid!"

Since she is a young woman who has taken a good deal of pains to master her craft, said pains including matriculation in London's respected Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, Miss Collins made it clear that she would not find it flattering to

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AMERICAN MEN are "just like home." One of New York's finest shows that U.S. and Britain share an appreciation of Joan.

SWINGING to new heights in Hollywood, well-endowed Joan generously insists, "Sex appeal is not based on measurements."



MARTIN AND LEWIS:

Slowest guns in

The "Old West" will never be the same now that Dean and Jerry have joined the boots 'n' saddle boys for their first horse opera



ON THE set of their latest Paramount film, "Pardners," Dean helps director Norman Taurog bring out the Lone Ranger in the bewildered Jerry.

the West



HIS ANTICS during the shooting of a dance hall scene get Jerry in a tight spot but cool heads prevail and it isn't long before he's back on his own two feet.

KILLER JONES, the daring sheriff of the Arizona Plains, is out to capture the tough Masked Riders.

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As offbeat a sagebrush saga as you'll ever see, Dean and Jerry stumble through a series of hilarious misadventures as they bring law and order to a terrorized Arizona town



THERE'S never a dull moment when Jerry's around. Here he practices some "roping" on director Norman Taurog between scenes.



SIDELINE kibitzing breaks up the rehearsal of a romantic scene between Dean and Lori Nelson, who plays Jerry's cousin in film.



NOT adept at brawling, Jerry is desperate when badman Jeff Morrow decides to rough him up for being too attentive to his girl friend. **END**



Dinah Shore: Her intentions were

"I'm going to marry that man," said Dinah, watching the handsome

IN 1942 you could find Dinah Shore at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Nine times a day she came on stage in a show emceed by Milton Berle. Between shows there was nothing much for her to do except rest in a movie theatre. A movie called "The Cowboy And The Blonde" was running at the theatre, and after seeing it fifty or sixty times Dinah was convinced of one thing; she was in love with the star. His name? George Montgomery.

"I'm going to marry that man," she told her roommate.

When she got to Hollywood and started touring the army camps with Bing Crosby she let him in on the secret. Bing thought it was a grand idea and had only one suggestion; he thought that Dinah ought to at least *meet* George.

Dinah took that suggestion to heart. She started singing at the Hollywood Canteen and every night when they handed her the mike she said, "Is George Montgomery here?" One night he was, and shortly thereafter she more or less informed him of her intentions.

George liked pretty girls but he wasn't sure that meant he had to marry them. It was in this frame of mind that he left for army duty in Alaska. Dinah bridged the gap between them with long, emotional letters. George's replies were strangely lacking in passion until Dinah changed her tactics. She shot him brisk, friendly missiles dotted with comments about the latest glamour boy she just happened to be dating. Usually, she just happened to get his name out of a fan magazine, but George didn't know. George started getting nervous and within three months his proposal was down in writing.

They were married in Las Vegas in December 5, 1943, and from that day till this George has never removed his wedding band. If he's making a movie he covers it with flesh-colored tape. Dinah will remove hers only when she's sure that George will be at the set in time to slip it back on.

George is usually around, and not only because of the pact they made—which was never to be away from the family for more than four days at a time. If the time ever comes when this is not possible because of her career, Dinah says, "I won't hesitate for a moment to take the side of my home."

This is surprising talk from the girl whom Bob Hope once called, "a juke box on legs," a girl who, in 1951, was voted the nation's "Favorite Female Vocalist" on the Gallup poll, a girl who is celebrated for her drive and her capacity for hard work.

"I don't have half the initiative I'm usually credited with," Dinah says. "The only bold move I ever made was coming from the South to New York 19 years ago to try my luck as a singer. But since that time it's been the help of others that has brought me what I have. People just *do* things for me."

Although it's true that only a fool would not leap at the chance to do something for Dinah, her generous and sincere explanation is not the whole story.

In 1940, for instance, when Dinah got her big break—featured billing on Eddie Cantor's radio show—Cantor was overwhelmed by Dinah's efforts.

"You wouldn't believe it," he said in awe. "You wouldn't believe it. I never

knew anybody who worked so hard. Every week she shows up with 20 new songs. She's rehearsed 'em and she's learned 'em and she wants to sing all 20 of 'em so I can pick out *one* for the show."

During World War II she was unquestionably the favorite entertainer of ten million fighting men—due in part to her numerous overseas tours and the 300 broadcasts she made for the Armed Forces Radio Service. And when, five seasons ago, she started her twice-weekly, 15-minute NBC-TV shows, she consistently challenged Perry Como for the highest rating among multiple weekly shows. For all of which, Dinah owes credit to herself as well as others.

LAST year she turned down a ransom to appear in Las Vegas for a three-week stand at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. She turned it down because of her shrewd business sense. The popular conception of her personality, she decided, might be damaged if she appeared in the gambling haunts. That she decided to add a personal appearance of any kind to her busy schedule was because "Working before live audiences was a tonic."

Dinah, who has become increasingly beautiful and popular through the years is possibly the only person in that position who would prescribe a tonic. It is characteristic of the modesty which has attended her whole career.

She was called Fanny Rose in Winchester, Tennessee, where she was born in 1917. Her father was a self-educated man who had a successful department store business. Her mother was an athletic, vivacious woman whose artistic talents her husband considered mere fripperies.

When she was 18 months old, Dinah was stricken with polio. No one realized it was polio until she was three; and by that time her mother couldn't bring herself to even mention the fact that her youngest daughter had something wrong with her right foot. Nevertheless, until the time she was six, Dinah took daily exercises with a trained masseuse and finally the condition was corrected. But Dinah grew up ashamed of the illness she had conquered.

"Maybe that's why I've always worked so hard," she says. "I never got over the



DINAH thinks she lacks initiative but the way she met George Montgomery disproves that.

honorable

film cowboy. She did!

BY FLORENCE EPSTEIN

idea that the neighbors were watching and wondering. I had to dance longer and swim harder and do more things than any of the other girls just to prove there was nothing wrong with me."

Her mother had died just before she graduated from high school, and Dinah's father did not look with favor on a career in show business. To him, formal education was of prime importance. But, in 1937, Dinah persuaded him to let her take a two-week vacation in New York. She spent the entire time looking for a job, and finally got one on station WNEW. It didn't pay much. It didn't last long, because her father sent her an urgent letter saying she'd better come home and finish college. So she went home, won a B.A. degree in Sociology and took off for New York again. WNEW welcomed her back and teamed her with another unknown singer named Frank Sinatra.

In her spare time she made the rounds. The Dorsey Brothers and Benny Goodman heard but didn't hire her. Still, her persistence paid off. She got a two-week engagement at the Strand Theatre and her talent was brought to the attention of Xavier Cugat. He made some records with her for RCA Victor, which led to a contract. NBC hired her and she worked her way up to stardom.

MOST singing artists have their day and fade. This seemed to be happening to Dinah in 1951, when Patti Page replaced her as the top seller of phonograph records. TV producers were beginning to think of her mainly as a guest artist and she hadn't had a movie contract in years. The Gallup poll, however, proved that Dinah's name still led all the rest in the hearts of singing fans. This opened the way to her own TV show.

More than her southern charm and easy manner, which has been compared to Crosby's, Dinah has another rare asset. She is amazingly versatile and has always been able to sing anything from low down blues to cute novelties to tender love songs. Needless to say, she has always had, in addition, the backing of people who liked her.

In her living room today she proudly displays two cigarette boxes, gifts from her co-workers. One of them is inscribed,



THE Montgomerys with daughter Missy. Dinah's private life is healthy, vigorous and simple.

"To Dinah—the sweetheart of NBC-TV." The other says, "From Your Ever-Lovin' Studio 'D' Crew."

Despite her good intentions, the demands of her career made inroads on Dinah's personal life. A few years ago this was graphically brought home to her when she took her daughter Missy shopping at Farmer's Market.

On the way home Dinah turned on the car radio and started to hum along with the music.

"Don't sing, Mummy," Missy said.

Dinah was taken aback but she figured that Missy was simply tired. That night, after tucking her into bed, Dinah tried to soothe Missy with a lullaby. Missy burst into tears. She showed this same peculiar reaction every time Dinah sang.

It was Dinah's older sister, Bessie, who hit on the reason. "You've been away from home more than you used to be," she said. "I think Missy associates your singing with your absence."

From then on, Dinah revised her way of life. Nothing became more important to her than having all her meals with Missy and George and spending the whole of every week-end with them.

George and Dinah always wanted a large family. Missy was born nearly nine years ago, but no children came after. They decided to adopt a child and made the rounds of agencies. They were always turned down because they already had one child, but they didn't stop looking. Finally, Jody David, now almost two, was brought to their home ten days after he was born.

George, who generally limits himself

to Westerns, is about as real a cowboy as you'll ever meet off screen. He was born and reared on a Montana ranch and speaks with a cowboy's drawl.

"The guy has no idea how good-looking he is," Dinah says. "And he couldn't care less. He has a terrific physique but he has never been within yards of a barbell."

He and Dinah share many interests in common—they've won many tennis tournaments together, for one thing. For another, Dinah doesn't make a move or even buy a new dress without consulting him. Though she is a clever and self-sustaining person with a shrewd mind for business, she never has made the mistake of losing her femininity.

Dinah's private life can best be described as healthy, vigorous and simple. There is very little party-going in the schedule. Usually, the house is asleep by ten-thirty every night, and up early for a large breakfast.

To others who wish to follow suit, Dinah has the recipe—Try to be honest. Try to be understanding. Refuse to worry about little things. The advice she gives to aspiring singers throws even more light on her approach to life—personally as well as professionally.

"Sing wherever you can and sing for nothing if you have the chance," she says. "You'll develop and improve your style whether you're paid or not. Feel every song you sing; listen to your own recordings and keep the pleasing gymnastics of your vocal chords; throw out the rest. After you've found a style that suits you, keep working at it the remainder of your public life."

END



COPENHAGEN fish market gives Frank a charge. He's in Europe for "The Pride And The Passion," co-starring Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

FRANK SINATRA:

Man of the world

**From Hoboken to Copenhagen,
that's the story of the kid from
New Jersey who grew up to
be a globe-trotting movie star**



ROOF of Copenhagen's Hotel Europa affords Frank fine view. Frank stopped off on his way to London and Spain.

A FAN buys grateful Frank a flower for his lapel. He's recognized everywhere he goes.

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There's nothing rotten in Denmark as Frankie enjoys himself hugely, makes a lot of friends



A HAPPY Sinatra chatted gayly with air hostesses before taking off for London. He swore to come back for a long Danish vacation.

BREAKFAST in his hotel room finds Frankie in a voluble mood describing, doubtlessly, the fish that got away from him.



LEAVING Copenhagen, Frankie was interviewed at airport by reporters, all of whom were impressed by his old charm, new affability. **END**

Why Is Joan Like A Roller Coaster?

continued from page 55

have her success predicated primarily on her beauty.

"I would prefer to forget it," she said.

Fortunately she is a reasonable young lady, so she does not expect that preference to be taken too seriously. As she herself commented on her first stage role as Ivan in Ibsen's "Ghosts." "I had an awfully hard time convincing the audience that I was a boy."

Looking at her, as duly dictated, this was easy to understand. Joan was a vision of loveliness—and impeccable taste. In keeping with her preachments, there was nothing about her appearance that made an issue of her anatomical blessings.

Despite the fact that she is a child of vaunted British reserve, Joan found it impossible to go along with critics who think that Hollywood, with its sometimes seemingly obsessive glorification of the female, is trapped in a Freudian web.

"I haven't noticed it any more in Hollywood," she shrugged, "than anywhere else in the world. I suppose Hollywood movies emphasize sex appeal more than English films, but I wouldn't say it was anyone's fault. I guess people always have been preoccupied with the female figure in one form or another. In the 1920's, it was the legs. Now it's the bosoms. It's been true ever since Eve. Women always have been fascinating to men."

For some time now, Joan Collins has been the most fascinating woman in the life of a fascinating young man around Hollywood named Arthur Loew, Jr. She wouldn't discuss the chances, if any, of matrimony with the very eligible Mr. Loew for the simple reason that her divorce was not yet final.

She did, however, allow herself the luxury of some charmingly incriminating remarks about Arthur.

"I like him better than anyone else," she admitted with more of her disarming directness. "I can't be bothered dating anyone else."

She reflected a moment.

"I could have gone dating a lot of boys before," she mused. "I first thought I liked to date, but I didn't."

THIS does not mean, of course, that so alluring a creature isn't besieged by hopeful males. It merely means that lucky Loew is in no danger of any other Hollywood bachelors beating his time.

As far as the discerning Miss Collins has been able to detect, there is no vast difference in the hormones of Americans and Englishmen, nor any marked abyss between their social habits and their climate. Her reaction to American men is pretty much summed up by her comment when, newly arrived on California shores, she got a whiff of the fog and smog indigenous to this glamour capital.

"Just like home," she remarked wryly.

"But there are," she observed, "many more American men than Englishmen."

Nor could she work up a very sanctimonious temperature over the off-screen antics of some of Hollywood's less inhibited male stars—and their female counterparts. The idea of public reprisal for unconventional private behavior did not seem to impress her.

"I think," Joan dismissed the matter, "that the public expects stars to behave as they do on the screen. I think the public expects Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner to be creating havoc and leading tempestuous lives. But if sweet girls like Debbie Reynolds and Ann Blyth did it, the public wouldn't like it. Of course, being the same off screen as on doesn't mean that because you're always playing loose women, you are a loose woman."



DINING with Arthur Loew Jr. "I like him better than anyone else," Joan says candidly.

By and large, Joan is convinced that in their private lives most movie stars are pretty much the victims of type casting. Yet, although she feels she herself has been pretty much typed as a bad girl in pictures, she doesn't consider that any particular mode of personal behavior is binding on her.

"I'll just live the way I want to," she informed me matter-of-factly.

She hastened to depose that she is a restless creature, not likely to be hemmed in by blueprints.

"I hate to be stuck in one place," she confessed. "I like to travel. I hate to feel that I'm tied down to one home, either in San Fernando Valley or the Champs Elysees. I spent one whole year living out of a suitcase."

While Joan avowed her determination not to be tied down to one place or to one home, she did not go one step further and declare her purpose not to be

tied down to one man. I called attention to this intriguing omission.

"I guess I eventually want to settle down," she allowed languorously. "It sort of appeals to me. If I found the sort of man who didn't want to be tied down to one place, it would be fine."

Her entire personality, it appears, is shot through with restlessness.

"I hate to get in a routine," she reiterated. "When I go to a party, sometimes I'd rather dance all night. Sometimes I'd like to talk all night. Sometimes I talk when I dance."

She pulled at her earrings, somehow seeming to favor the left ear.

I LOVE to stay up late," she continued.

"I go through phases when I don't go to bed until 4 or 5 a.m. Then I'll go to bed at nine. In London, I got terribly bored doing nothing in particular, so I decided to go to Paris. I just got on a plane and went. Oh, I had a wonderful time. It was divine. I knew some people there, and I looked them up. I stayed ten days."

She shifted in her chair, and recrossed her legs.

"When I first came here," she revealed, "I was here three weeks and didn't know anybody, so I got an advance on my salary and went back to Paris. I stayed there three weeks."

Joan made no effort to conceal the fact that her heart belongs to Paris.

"Paris," she sighed dreamily, "is different from any other city in the world. It's terribly exciting. There's something about life in Paris that appeals to me. There's nothing in Hollywood that reminds me of Paris."

She acknowledged that Hollywood has its quaint distinguishing points, too, but indicated she wasn't too clear on what they were.

"I think Hollywood," Joan agreed magnanimously, "is a place that is completely different from any other place. It's not a city, yet it is a city. There's no activity, but there's a lot of activity. It's lazy, but everybody works terribly hard out here."

Nor is this by any means intended as a critical observation. Laziness is one of Joan Collins' blandly confessed weaknesses. However, whatever indolence she may be guilty of, she evidently indulges on her own time.

Impressed MGM functionaries raved over Joan's yeoman application to her work on "The Opposite Sex." As one of them rapturously put it, "She really works. She concentrates. She has some tough things to do. She's never unprepared, never uneasy, and she never quibbles. She was in the water three days for a bubble bath scene, and she got a terrible rash on her back from the detergents, but she never complained."

Only make-up was a trifle put out with Joan for invariably arriving late for the customary Hollywood accentuation of nature's handiwork. But Joan was not about

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Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

ly. He invested some of his "Davy Crockett" earnings in 400 acres of land near Fort Worth, and his father, who's overseeing the property, just notified him they've completed sinking their ninth oil well on the tract.

In his search to keep himself busy since the death of his wife two years ago, Fred Astaire is writing his autobiography. . . . It wasn't Mario Lanza's famous temperament that caused the cancellation of his second picture for Warner Bros., but the fact that his first one, "Serenade," was no sensation at the box-office. And Mario, I'm reluctant to report, is on another eating binge. . . . Alfred Hitchcock wants to re-team Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly in his next chiller, "From Among The Dead," and seems to think he can persuade Grace to do it. Well, he was the man most responsible for her success (with the exception of Prince Rainier, of course) and if anyone can get Grace back here, he's the one.

Anthony Perkins is Paramount's new white hope—they feel he will be as big as Brando or Jimmy Dean, and they've handed him the starring role in "Look Homeward, Angel," a kind of "East Of Eden" story, which they've had on the shelf for ten years. . . . If Anita Ekberg makes all the pictures she's been announced for, she'll have to be subdivided—not that there still wouldn't be enough for everybody. . . . William Holden, who at one time was tired of making Westerns, now wants to get back in the saddle again. . . . Dana Wynter has no regrets about giving up her short-lived career to be plain Mrs. Greg Bautzer because, as she says: "I've been watching marriages in Hollywood for quite a while and wondering what made some of them fail. The town is full of good but unhappy actresses. I'd rather be a happy wife. I think the man is the master of the house." . . . To borrow the title from one of her pictures, Judy Holliday and her husband, David Oppenheim, have "Phffft."

Mac Krim, Kim Novak's heart-crush, says the wedding bells will ring as soon as she says yes. He was a bit disturbed at the rumors that Prince Aly Khan was giving Kim the rush, but managed to smile when asked about them and say: "I can't blame him. She's beautiful."

Johnnie Ray is planning to star in his life story for 20th Century-Fox. . . . According to Henry Fonda, beautiful Cheryl Clarke is just a friend. . . . Ann Blyth would just as soon have another baby as have another picture. . . . Those who know him best at U-I claim that George Nader will never marry. . . . MGM could not get an okay on some of the love scenes between Joan Collins and Leslie Nielsen in "The Opposite Sex" and had to scissor them from the final film—much too torrid for the public. . . . The chief

reason Columbia okayed Jack Lemmon for a loan-out to do "Fire Down Below," was to get him away from the girl who broke up the Lemmon marriage. The picture is being shot in Trinidad and England.

Contrary to all reports, Russ Tamblyn is as enthusiastic about wife Venetia's booming career as she is, and is doing everything he can to help her, even to the point of cooking the evening meal when she has to work late at the studio. . . . Sal Mineo, a racing bug, has to agree he will not do any hot-rodding while he's making a picture—studios insist on putting this clause in all young male star contracts. . . . Gina Lollobrigida will do the "Joseph And His Brethren" role that Rita Hayworth walked out on. . . . Terry Moore, whose husband, Eugene McGrath, has offices in Panama, Venezuela, and New York, solved the packing problem this way. They now have apartments in each of these cities and keep an entire change of wardrobe at each stop.

Jean Simmons cancelled her plans to accompany husband Stewart Granger to Europe when he goes there for a picture. Jean originally expected their baby in September, but it might arrive in August, so they both felt she'd better take the doctor's advice and not travel. . . . George



LITA BARON'S greeting to another party guest is more subdued than Rory Calhoun's.

Sanders hasn't lost any of his cynicism when it comes to women and marriage. Says George: "People should get married when they're young—between the ages of 10 and 15—and get it over with so they can devote the rest of their lives to more intellectual pursuits."

Deborah Kerr and her husband, Tony Bartley, are planning a big game safari in Africa next month. . . . Marge and Gower Champion will open the doors of their first dancing school in September. **END**

Everybody Should Get Married

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real man with the much idealized image."

Later his words were incorporated in a magazine piece, but the editors were upset by them. The writer was informed he had "de-glamorized" Hudson—in the act of making him a responsible and adult citizen. Hudson was told of the incident.

"There you are," he said. "It seems sometimes Rock Hudson can't go straight even if he wants to."

This virtually would be a must point of view for the Winnetka, Ill., boy who made good. He hasn't had it notably easy, although, it's been easily notable for the past few years. As a matter of copious record, he came to Hollywood from his Navy hitch, worked in a Los Angeles electrical shop, failed to get into the University of Southern California under the G.I. Bill of Rights, and took to jockeying a truck for eating money. He's stacked for that: six-four, and probably a little over the 200 pounds his biographers generally concede him.

He might still be behind that dashboard if he hadn't scraped together enough money to have some professional still photographs made. These he showed to Henry Willson, an agent of considerable acumen, who showed them to director

Raoul Walsh, who was quite impressed.

That wasn't exactly that, but it was enough to get a ball rolling. That it was a snowball could not have been foreseen.

Then again, the story has another corner. Some time later, Willson's executive secretary got a gander at the original of the photographs, and still another series of events was set into motion. Her name was Phyllis Gates. Now it's Hudson.

There is no great mystery involved in how the Hudsons live, but nothing to stop the press either. They like very big jigsaw puzzles, for one thing; staying at home; occasional television, if U-I will permit the utterance; the outdoor life; food. You can bend it as you will, you still don't have anything except a happy domestic scene. Well—that's nothing?

Rock Hudson thinks it's something. The memories of four walls and absent laughter, lonely streets, houses bright and warm as Christmas cards—but seen from the same perspective—have not left him. Neither has the wry recollection of success unshared, kudos meaningless because they were solitary, life without love. Bachelorhood's all right so long as you don't happen to have a wife. Otherwise it's for birds. You may quote him. **END**



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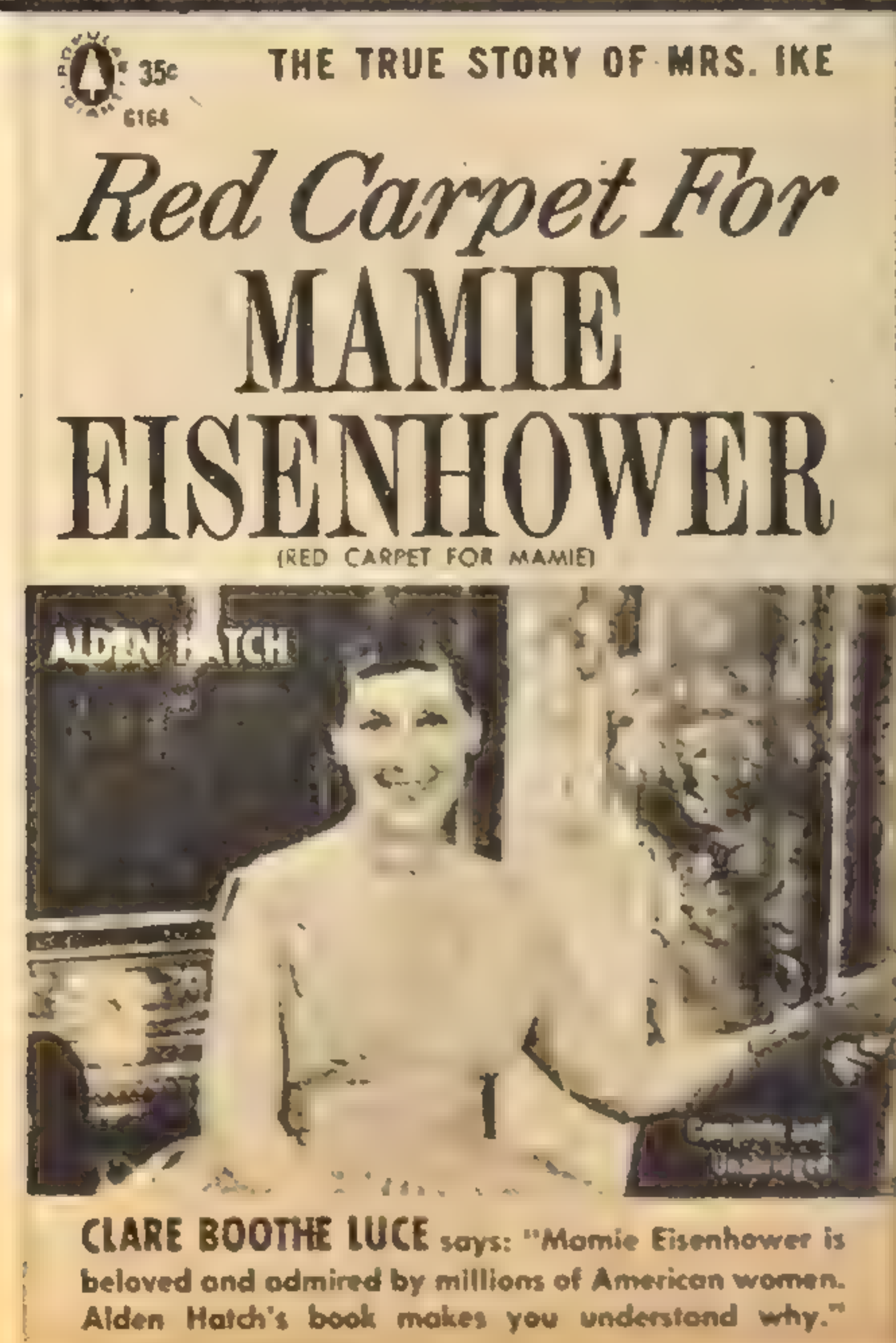
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Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**

FOR some wonderful non-political maneuverings, we dig the Columbia album "Ambassador Satch" the most. Taped from Louis Armstrong's all-conquering European concerts, it has Louis' horn speaking an international language . . . One of Mercury's premier thrushes, Helen Merrill, goes all out on Cole Porter's "Anything Goes." And her "End Of A Love Affair" on the reverse side is the very end . . . Will the "old-timers" among us please rise and bow three times in the direction of the Capitol tower for having Stan Kenton re wax all of his standards that were big band jazz landmarks of the '40's—from "Painted Rhythm" to "The Peanut Vendor." It's labeled "Kenton in Hi-Fi." . . . Don't look now but I think Dot Records' Pat Boone has another smash on his hands. The case in point is the blue, blue, blues "I Almost Lost My Mind" and, on a more optimistic note, "I'm In Love With You." . . . If you like your sounds served up slow and easy with a slight touch of the screwball tossed in, we recommend Pearl Bailey's new Coral album. A pearl, indeed . . . A voice to conjure with, that's Morgana King. Check what we mean on her Wing etching of the standards "Delovely" and "In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning." Long Live the King of Wing! . . . Decca's sound track from "The Eddy Duchin Story" has a passel of fine Duchin piano favorites keyboarded by Carmen Cavallaro.

Columbia isn't doing any crying over Frankie Laine's tender tonsiling of "Don't Cry" from "The Most Happy Fella." It's backed by a bouncy folk ditty, "Ticky Ticky Tick." That's what we said—"ticky-ticky-tick." . . . Another ballad from "Most Happy Fella"—"Somebody Somewhere"—gets a vocal caress from Decca songbird Pat Kirby. The flip, "What A Heavenly Night For Love," is another musical mash note from Pat . . . Take a gal singer like Rosemary

Clooney; add an orchestra like Duke Ellington's; mix well with a batch of some of the Duke's best compositions and you've got the fixin's for a great album. Titled "Blue Rose" after a piece written especially for Rosie, it's an aural treat (Columbia) . . . Avast there, ye lubbers; put into port and pick up a copy of Burl Ives' Decca album, "Down To The Sea In Ships." Big Daddy Burl has recorded as salty a collection of chancies and foam-flecked folk songs as has ever set turn-tables a-spinning . . . Adding words to some mighty popular music hereabouts, The McGuire Sisters deliver in fine style "Delilah Jones," based on the "Main Title" theme from "Man With The Golden Arm," and "Picnic" from the celluloid checkered tablecloth of the same name (Coral).

Nostalgia rears its dusty head in a couple of oldies chored by the Johnston Brothers for London Records—"Roses Of Picardy" and "Just A-Wearyin' For You." When we said oldies, we meant oldies . . . When Frances Wayne sings "Songs For My Man" (Epic), she's arrowing them straight at leader man Neal Hefti who just happens to be her husband. The "Songs" are standards, and the standards are high . . . The Four Freshmen earn Phi Beta Kappa keys (minor) for their Capitol recording of "Graduation Day." The flip, "Lonely Night In Paris," is a mood piece that would even please fifty million Frenchmen . . . MGM's "Hi-Fi Salute To The Great Ones" is a musical accolade to the top bands of the Swing era. A swinging orchestra in its own right, batonned by LeRoy Holmes, fires twenty-one guns with numbers like "Tuxedo Junction" and "Music Makers."

END

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EDT.

The Wedding Of Sex And Culture

continued from page 25

er a situation," he acknowledged. "She gets to the core."

This may not be an entirely non-committal remark. It would seem that more than a pedestrian friendship would be required to enable a man to judge that a woman has a "terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character or a situation."

It may be a bemusing switch that Broadway's brainy set has taken Marilyn to its bosom, but as one wit was quoted, "I regret that I have but one library to give to Marilyn Monroe."

As another—and perhaps equally discerning—historian remarked to me in Hollywood, "Marilyn may be aiming at Arthur's intellect, but the odds are that he's hitting him in the hormones."

This scarcely is a slanderous suggestion, since any red-blooded American whose hormones did not react to Miss Monroe's stimulus would leave open to question both his red blood and his Americanism.

This mating—or fusing—of brains and beauty well could represent a classic fulfillment of the needs of both principals. It goes without saying that Marilyn's marriage to Joe DiMaggio was no howling intellectual success, and there's little secret that Marilyn felt she suffered mental undernourishment when briefly she shared bed and board with Mr. DiMaggio, whose glory, unlike Mr. Miller's, was attained on the baseball field, about which Marilyn understood little and cared less.

While Marilyn has been the soul of dignity and reticence about her marital strike-out with Joe, she did let go of one highly charged post mortem, i.e.:

"I think television sets should be taken out of the bedroom."

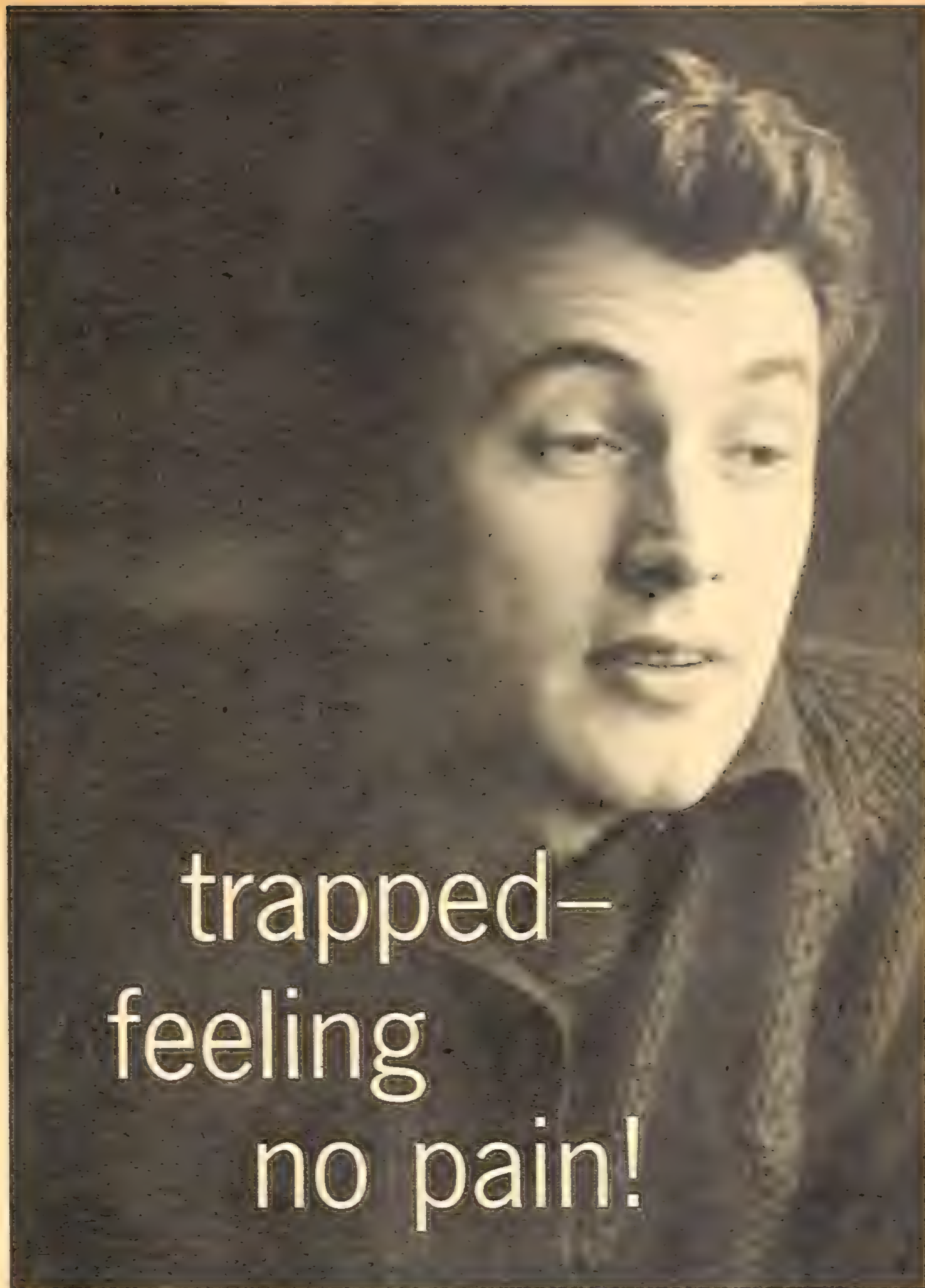
Moreover, sharpies and wolves, two species of male most outspoken in their admiration of Marilyn, always have left her cold. She's drawn to older, more thoughtful men. That no less a prototype of the latter than the 40-year-old Mr. Miller, ten years her senior, should return her interest might be the most welcome yardstick to Miss Monroe of the intellectual mileage she has run up in the last year.

People frequently laugh at Marilyn Monroe, but in the end the joke usually is on them. She and Arthur Miller quite conceivably could supply gaping mutual needs. Theirs easily might turn out to be one of the soundest marriages imaginable. Great happiness, great plays—even children—might issue from such a union.

It could turn out to be one of the generation's most unique—and most successful—experiments in coexistence!

Or careful! If it hasn't happened yet, it may never happen. One never really knows about such things, but it's such fun to ponder.

END



Newly-wed Rock Hudson proves that you can turn the most stubborn bachelor into a contented husband — and make him like it!

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Why Is Joan Like A Roller Coaster?

continued from page 65

to let this demerit on her otherwise spotless escutcheon go unchallenged.

"I've never been late on the set," she maintained, with a slight show of irritation. "I'm always 15 minutes late for make-up. I told them it always takes me an hour and a quarter, and they insist on giving me an hour and a half."

She is outspoken without being contentious, however, and for the most part, her mother studio, 20th Century-Fox, finds Joan a malleable employee. But when her home lot wanted her to follow "The Opposite Sex" with the lead in a glossy horse opera, "The Last Wagon," Joan went on suspension.

"There was nothing wrong with the picture," she pointed out. "It's just that I didn't think I was right for the part."

One of the many commendable things about her is that she is no more coy

about her failings than about her assets.

"I have millions of weaknesses," she laughed when I asked if she was aware of any chinks in her handsome armor. "I have a tremendous laziness. My procrastination is just awful. If somebody calls me, I won't call back. I tell them I lost the number. I hate getting dressed up during the day, and I guess I have a bad temper in driving."

Refreshingly enough, Joan thinks a bit of weakness is good for the soul.

"Everything, when you think of it," she maintains, "is a weakness. That's what makes a person's character."

If there is anything this ailing universe needs—it's a woman with weaknesses, especially when they are as easy to condone as hers, and when the culprit is as easy on the eyes and on jaded ears as Britain's distaff maverick, Joan Collins. **END**

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

tle on the ranch. "Jimmy" is buying quarter horses, and their baby, expected in August, may very well be born in New Mexico. They'll also have Granger's two children by his previous marriage with them. Jimmy and Jean used to be in that veddy, veddy swank and sophisticated London Mayfair set. How about this for a switch!

BABY TALK—Janet Leigh told us she and Tony Curtis are "happier than ever," and why not? They just celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary and by the time you read this, their Little Image should have arrived. The nursery in their new home was ready months ago! Meantime, Tony bought Janet a new French poodle to replace Houdina, "lost" to them through odd circumstances. They left the little black poodle with Tony's mother last year when they went to Europe and on their return found Houdina had become so attached to Mrs. Schwartz—and vice versa—that they couldn't bear to take her back home with them. So, eventually, Tony bought this new pup for Janet, who named it "Merci," which you must remember from your high school French means "Thanks."

BRIDGE FOR BABY—Julie Adams is a gal who does believe in slowing down while *Waiting for Baby*. Before she made her date with the stork she had been on a real athletic kick, taking golf and tennis lessons like crazy, because husband Ray Danton likes these sports so much. But now Julie has taken up bridge and is spending spare time at this hobby, instead of swinging at golf or tennis balls.

The Danton heir is due at the end of October, and Julie and Ray will stay in their present apartment until the lease expires in February. Fortunately, there's plenty of nursery space.

HAPPY HUDSONS—It's lucky that Rock Hudson and his Phyllis aren't easily upset about having to change plans. Although they were all set to go to Europe on vacation this summer, they had to forego the trip when Rock's work schedule changed. So, philosophically, they decided on a shorter trip to the Minnesota lake country—for fishing. Rock loves the sport; fortunately, Phyl does too, having grown up with it. They also will visit Phyl's parents in Montevideo, Minnesota. And Rock's mother and step-father, who go angling every year up near there, may join them too. Real family reunion! Despite anything you may have read, Rock and Phyl are very happy.

MORE SENTIMENT—Although Australian beauty Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith had tentatively set their wedding for November, they've decided now on October 14 as the day. Sentimental reason is that they first met last year on that date! What's more, they'll move into their very own honeymoon house. They've bought a lot, their home is being built and will be ready for them. "We're very sentimental and want our first home to be one in which no one else ever lived," Victoria told us. Roger had a real disappointment this summer. He had to forego his first big role because of major surgery. But he's been promised others. And watch for Victoria to become a B-

tar, after you fans see her in "The Uddu Duchin Story."

GEORGE NOT SO LONESOME—Another popular and seemingly confirmed bachelor, named George Nader, has a few light-o'-love. Although he still has occasional dates with ex-steady Dani Rayne, his new heart interest is Gia Calala, who has her first big film role in "Four Bright Girls," which just happens to star George. He and Gia both love music, which is a real bond. And he's been taking her to interesting local restaurants, teaching her about American foods. This beauty, born in England but reared in Rome, found that good old Yankee dish, steamed clams, "awful and ugly!" And this from a gal who enjoys snails, mussels and baby octopus—because she was used to eating them in Europe.

PROUD 'N' PRACTICAL—Those very young newlyweds, Russ Tamblyn and Vereta Stevenson, are being very sound in their thinking about furnishing their new apartment. They want good things, beautiful things, but they've found they are expensive. So they're buying things very slowly, rather than buying many cheaper things. Everything they've purchased so far is beautiful—and good!

IG????—Reports from Spain say Ava Gardner is romantically interested in ever so many eligible males. But Ava says nothing. She did write that she'll probably come back here in September, go to Nevada to pick up her divorce from Frank Sinatra; she established residence here long ago and the decree is just waiting for her. The date will depend on when "The Little Hut" is completed in Europe. She'll star in that with David Niven and Stewart Granger. How's that for a desert-isle trio?

JOHN'S OTHER WIFE?—Since John Derek's divorce is not final, it's anybody's guess whether eventually he will marry Swiss-doll Ursula Andress, but she continues to be his favorite date. And a doll she is. Among other assets, she has a charming way of mixing up the English language. For example, the other day she told us, "If I do this swimming scene in such cold water, I shall receive a cool."

TAB AND NAT—Although Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood are co-starring in a second film—"The Girl He Left Behind"—they no longer find each other the most as dates. Tab introduced Nat to Scott Marlowe and now they are two-ing. Natalie also is preparing a night club act and has been taking singing lessons from Eddie Samuels, Peggy King's arranger. Eddie has written a song for Nat named "Ei Latan." Get it? It's Natalie spelled backwards! And Tab's newest date interests are dancer Jan Chaney and starlet Lili Gentle. Incidentally, Tab had proof sheets of some still photographs, which he had to return to Warners, on the seat

of his car while it was parked in front of his apartment near UCLA. When he came out to drive to the studio, he found that some admiring fans, presumably UCLA co-eds, had snipped out several pictures of him and made off with the cut-outs of their Lover Boy! He still doesn't understand why they didn't take the whole pictures!

STILL STORMY—Sorry to report it, but there seem no reconciliations in sight, at this point, at least, for Jack and Cynthia Lemmon, or Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell. But things can happen and friends of the couples concerned are still hoping.

DATA ON DATES—Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall have been dating frequently since he and Ruth Roman were divorced . . . Liliane Montevecchi and Dr. Rex Ross have been two-ing.

RIGHT START—Seems like Peggy Lee and new groom Dewey Martin are starting their marriage off right! When invited to a party recently, she proudly pointed to Dewey and said, "Take it up with the Boss."

PRIDE AND JOY—Pier Angeli and Vic Damone are so very proud of son Perry, whose first birthday in August calls Pier back from Europe so the party can be here! Pier denied reports she's expecting another baby. "Not yet," she laughed. But the Damones want more!

MORE RANCHERS—Now that the Dan Daileys seem thoroughly settled in domestic calm, they've turned ranchers in earnest. Dan sold his little ranch house in Northridge and moved his family into a beautiful and bigger ranch home in the fashionable Northridge Estates, even farther out from town. The house, set on ten acres of rolling hills, is built around a swimming pool, Dan's first, and boasts a 38-foot den that is the Daileys' pride. Dan is converting the large barn into stables for his five horses and building jump courses for training purposes, and Gwen has decided to raise cattle on extra acreage. She's started with five Herefords, expects to build up quite a herd and make the ranch pay for itself! **END**

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 11

takes one look at Deborah squirming with all her problems on a seashore rock, and decides to ease her mind. Pretending to have served with her husband, Holden gets his foot in the door. Next, when horsy-set Deborah begins to bridle at his cynical forcefulness, Holden gives her the key to his fascinating, sinister I'll ol' self. Who can resist the picture of a half-starved, poorly clad half-breed boy being snubbed by all the pink-and-white well-nourished little girls? Just how touched Deborah was by this story is evidenced sometime later when she informs Holden she's pregnant. Around the crucial time, word leaks out that Holden is married. It's a relief to know Thelma Ritter, Dewey Martin and coincidence are working overtime to see Deborah through her difficulties. (Paramount.)

Invitation To The Dance

WITH Gene Kelly leading an impressive cast of dancers through three complete "ballets," this Technicolor special is gaily spattered in spots with some delightful bits of fun. None of the three separate stories told in dance can really be called ballets but the results are interesting. The first, "Circus," skips from dull to sexy to bizarre. Igor Youskevitch steals all the honors here with his spectacular leaps. In "Ring-Around-A-Rosy," there's Kelly, Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova and Tommy Rall. In this one Kelly takes a stab at comedy and manages to skewer some choice morsels of humor. The last, "Sinbad The Sailor," has Rimsky-Korsakov's music, Carol Haney, a youngster named David Kasday, and Kelly wearing a sailor suit

and kicking up like a colt in pasture. Slick combination of live and animated characters. Not everyone will go for this type of picture, but give Kelly credit for trying something new. (MGM.)

The Leather Saint

PRIZEFIGHT manager Paul Douglas spots John Derek working out in a gym. A natural fighter, Derek nevertheless turns down Douglas' offer to arrange a few bouts. It's a mystery to Douglas, but pretty obvious after Derek changes from boxing trunks to a clerical habit. A priest, Derek uses boxing to keep in condition. When a little girl dies in the parish hospital for want of an iron lung, Derek decides to raise money quickly. He calls Douglas. His identity still secret, Derek begins attracting attention in the ring: shady fight promoter Cesar Romero and his unhappy chick, Jody Lawrence. By this time, Derek's clerical colleague, Ernest Truex, has bought so many medical supplies on the installment plan, Derek can't get out of what might develop into an unpleasant mess. Matters do right themselves, but not before taking some interesting twists and turns. (Paramount.)

Seven Men From Now

BRINGS Gail Russell back to the screen after many years' absence in a WarnerColor Western drama of revenge. When his wife is killed in a hold-up of a Wells Fargo office, Randolph Scott hits the trail in search of the seven outlaws who pulled the job. Along the way having disposed of two of the seven

continued on page 74

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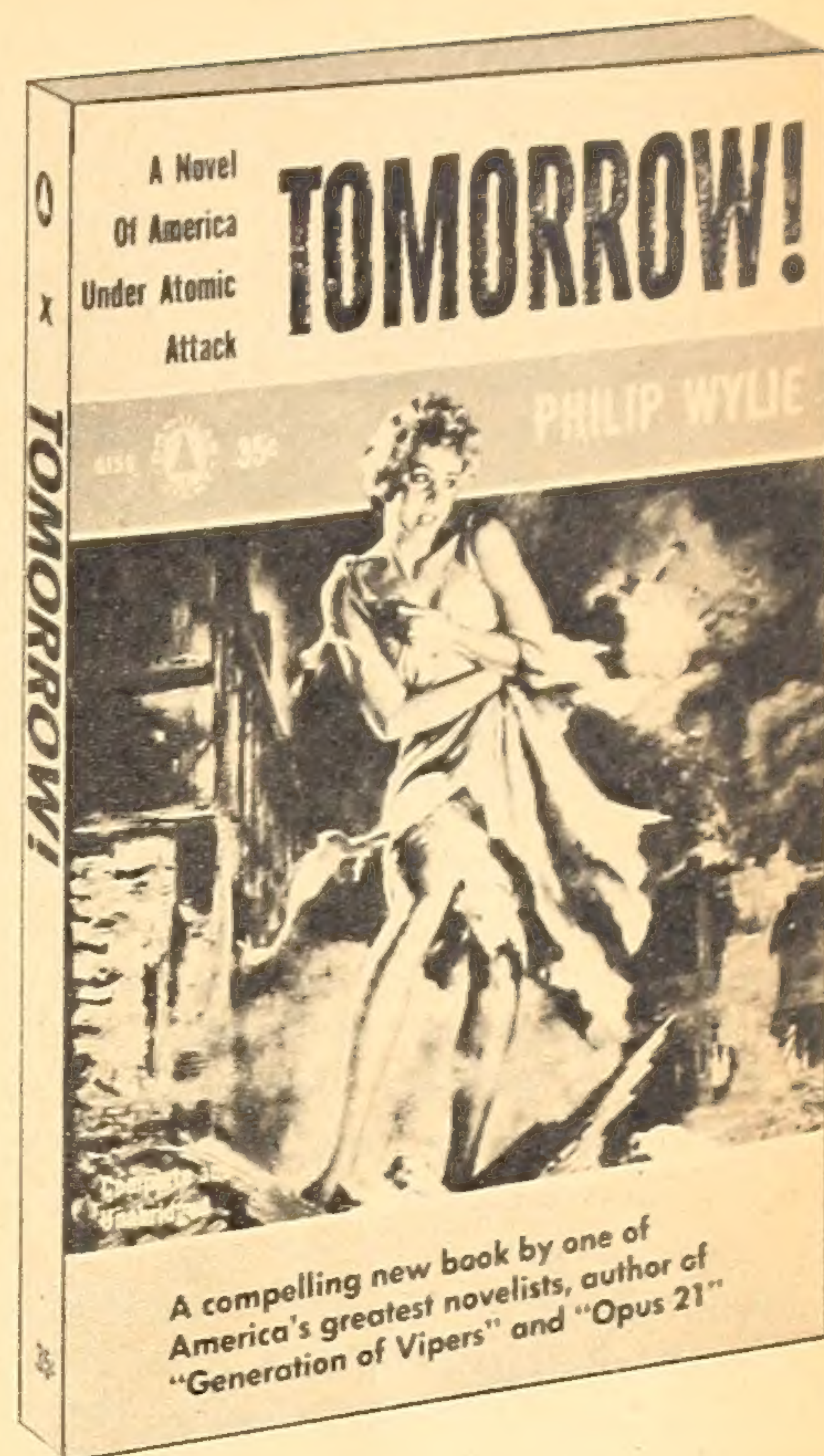
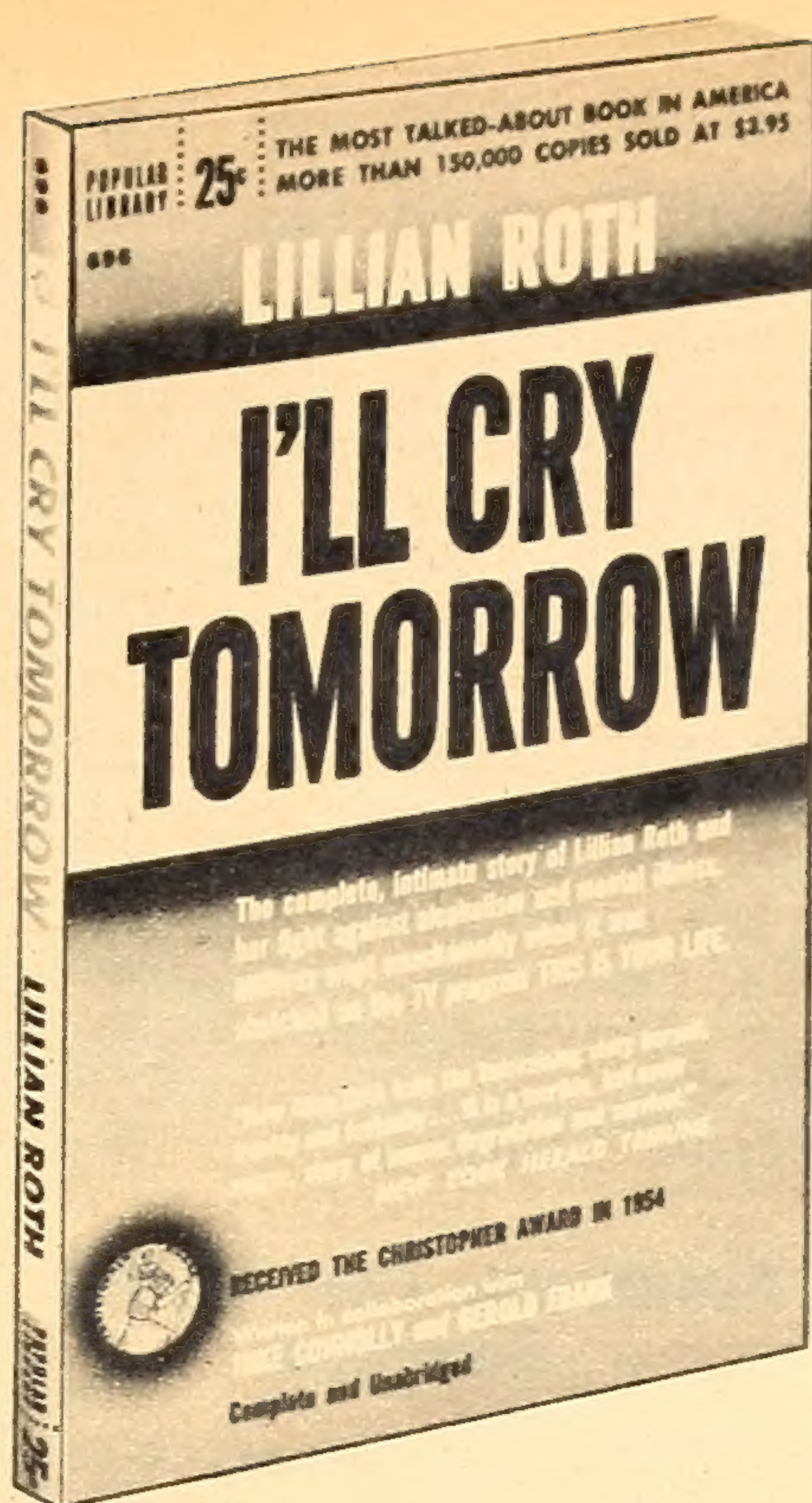
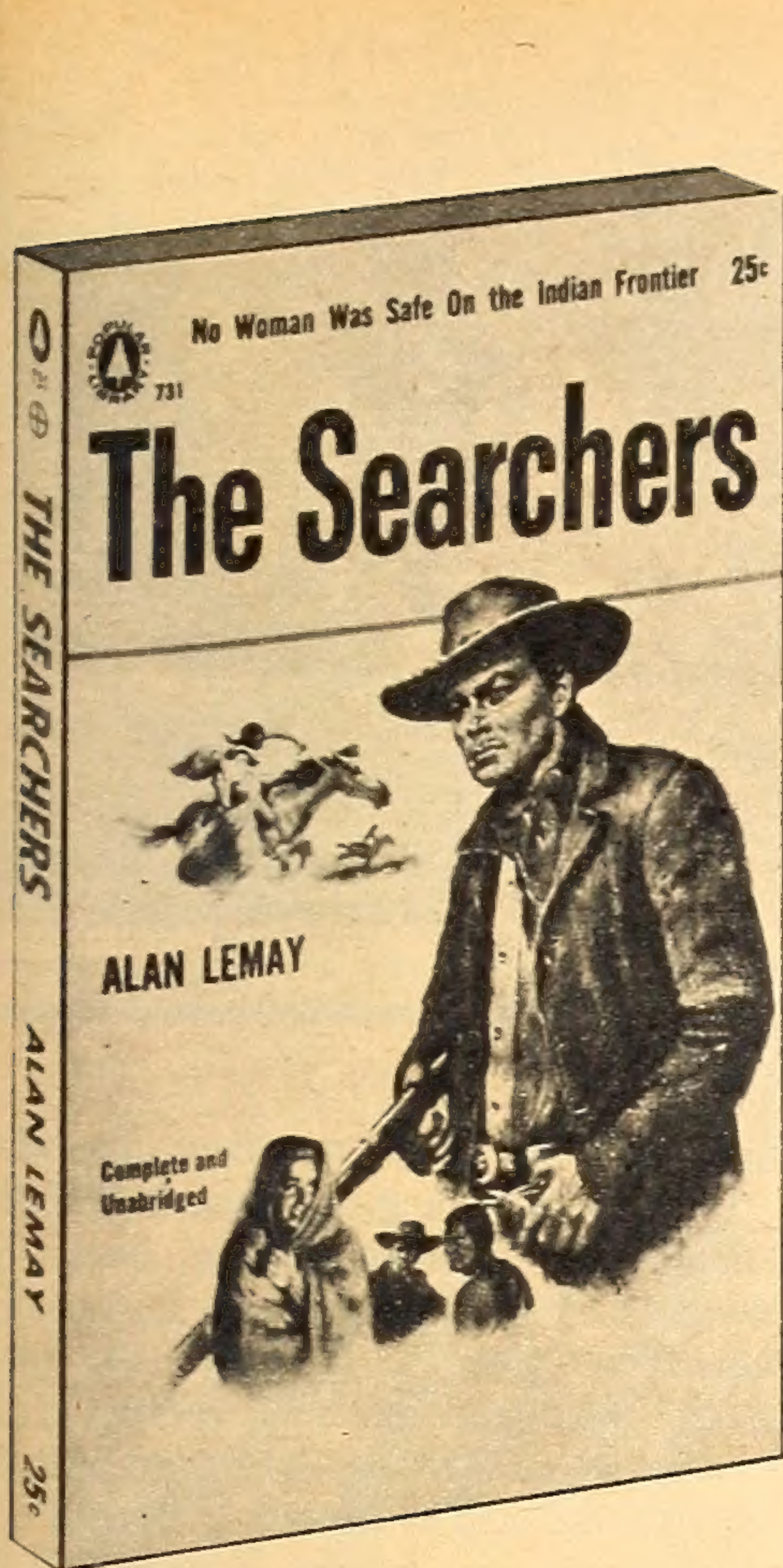
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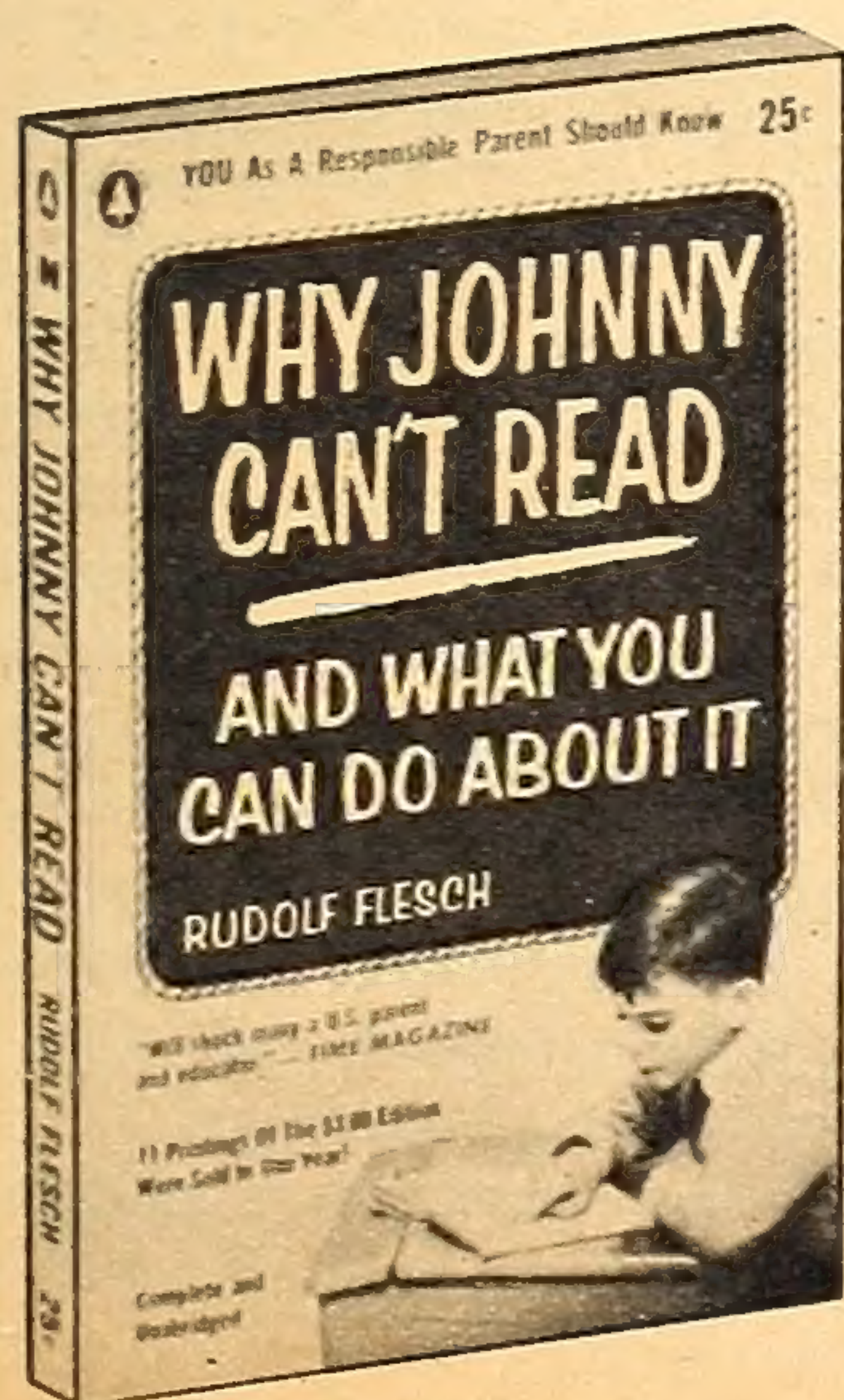


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COMING ATTRACTIONS

continued

Scott is joined by Gail, husband Walter Reed, and Lee Marvin. By the time they all reach the town where the leader of the outlaws is supposed to be, matters begin to dovetail very nicely. Gail's spouse is carrying the stolen Wells Fargo gold in his wagon, and its glitter attracts every evil character in the vicinity. This lust for gold gives Scott an opportunity to take care of the remaining five outlaws, return the gold to the owners and limp home a hero. (Warner Bros.)

The Ambassador's Daughter

SENATOR Adolphe Menjou descends on Paris determined to find cause why Paris, that naughty den of amour, should be declared out of bounds to all United States military personnel. To prove Menjou wrong, Ambassador Edward Arnold's daughter, Olivia de Havilland, offers to date a GI by way of experiment. American soldiers, she claims, get no more oh-la-lascivious in Paris than they would, say in Monee, Illinois. Menjou's wife, Myrna Loy, agrees. The guinea pig chosen for this study in vive la sex-tion is Private John Forsythe. A gentleman and all-around good scout, Forsythe squires Olivia, thinly disguised as a Parisienne mannequin, around town without so much as tweaking her earlobe. This unhealthy dithering ends when Forsythe has reason to believe Olivia is a "scarlet" woman. By this time, Olivia has decided Forsythe is the lad for her whereupon everyone starts tossing dignity in the Seine trying to reunite the ruffled lovebirds. A fairly amusing Technicolor

comedy that does a limp job of lampooning American officials. (United Artists.)

Storm Over The Nile

TECHNICOLOR adventure yarn, veddy British and pukka-sahib. The last male in a long, long family line of English army officers, Anthony Steel resigns his commission just before his unit is due to reinforce Kitchener's army fighting native uprisings in the Sudan. A believer in non-violence, Steel is pigeon-holed COWARD by his shocked fiancée, Mary Ure, and three Army chums, one of whom is starchy Laurence Harvey. To prove them wrong, Steel disguises himself as a native and spends a year or so skulking around enemy lines. The lowdown he gets on Fuzzy-Wuzzy strategy proves effective in helping his chums escape torture and death. (Columbia.)

Earth vs. The Flying Saucers

SCIENTIST Hugh Marlowe delving into space problems wants to learn what unknown force is messing up the government-sponsored launching of rocket satellites. He gets his opportunity when a flying saucer lands complete with high frequency disintegrator rays, electronic shields and super-brained robots. Their object, so the leader informs Marlowe, is to conquer the world with a minimum of violence. If we don't surrender—devastation! Hugh flashes a call to all top scientists to assist in creating a weapon capable of destroying the flying saucers. Will they produce enough weapons in time? Should we relax and let intermarriage absorb the robots once they take over? Have we seen the last of the flying saucers? Hmmm. (Columbia.) **END**



NATALIE Wood and Tab Hunter interrupt their dance to chat with a friend at a party.

Better To Be Neurotic

continued from page 49

that oddly limited parade that usually finds a moppet over the hill and living on her memories at the age of 12. There were more pictures and more awards (Parents Magazine, for one, all unmindful of Natalie's bombast to come, selected hers the hottest juvenile talent lead of 1949), and a performance as the child in "Miracle On 34th Street"—a rarely touching business.

How, thereafter, Natalie out-flanked the growing-up process is not altogether clear, but she did, reappearing conspicuously to the public view last year in Warner Bros.' "The Silver Chalice." She was Virginia Mayo as a young girl. "Rebel" followed that, then "The Searchers" with John Wayne, "A Cry In The Night" with Raymond Burr (she has a fervid respect for the gifts of Mr. Burr), and "The Burning Hills" with Tab Hunter.

Whether or not this has been a consequence of talent and hard work or of an active neurosis or of all three is anyone's guess. But, toted up, it is quite a consequence from any cause.

These days Natalie Wood, a pint-sized party, ponders career more than she does marriage ("I'll postpone that till I'm about 24"), and spends a great deal of her spare time furthering this. She loves her work, and even on days off—"I sleep until two in the afternoon when I can"—she and her coterie gather in someone's backyard and do what she calls "improvisations," which are readings from Wolfe or from scripts or from remembered fragments of current pictures. Nights, they go to the pictures themselves and later somewhere where they can sit around and tear the film to pieces. All, of course, know

just where it could have been improved.

If that's not going on, there is Natalie's considerable menagerie—two dogs, one cockateel, five parakeets, two finches; her regard for music (she plays the piano pretty well and collects records), her swimming pool, or her Thunderbird. The last two she bought herself in dutiful congratulations over having graduated from high school.

And now the child is gone. Only adult roles are ahead, and whatever they presage. "I can," she has said with dignity "play *femme fatale*." And will, no doubt. And parents who disapprove can jolly well keep their distance.

More than that, they'd better.

For *femme fatale* is only about half of what Natalie has in mind.

What she'd really like to do is get her teeth into a psychopathic murderess who goes about strewing the landscape with ill-defended non-neurotics.

"I'll leave comedy to Debbie Reynolds," she has concluded with a ghastly chortle at the very thought of it.

It should be fairly plain by now that Natalie Wood is a far cry from a bore.

And this she attributes, as the last of the Coke goes down the hatch, to the circumstance that she is in turn rarely bored.

The chronically bored set her teeth on edge—but not quite so much so as the affectedly bored.

"I hate to give advice," she once told a friend. "I'm too young to. But when I see a girl my age walk into a party tapping back yawns and giving it the blase bit, I really want to tell her something. And it's so simple. I shouldn't have to say it. She's not bored, you know. She's shy or downright scared, so she has to have an attitude to hide behind. And that boredom trick is a dead giveaway."

"If you honestly have confidence, then you can just be yourself. And what can you lose by it?"

What indeed? Besides, who's bored? For not even parents, those tolerable brass-hats, bore Natalie Wood. **END**



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